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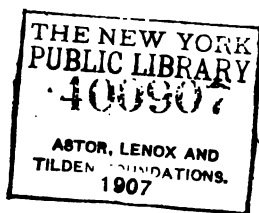
## LAYS OF MELPOMENE.

**Tu senti, ballatetta, che la morte  
Mi stringe sì, che vita m' abbandona.  
Guido Cavalcanti.**

BY SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.

PORTLAND :  
PRINTED BY TODD AND SMITH.  
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**DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.**

[L.S.] **B**E IT REMEMBERED, That on this thirteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Mr. SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD, of the District of Maine, has deposited in this Office, the title of a Book the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, viz: "LAYS OF MELPOMENE, Tu senti, ballatetta, che la morte, Mi stringe sì, che vita m' abbandona. *Guido Cavalcanti*. By Sumner L. Fairfield."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to an act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

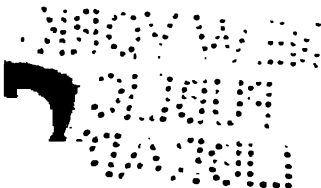
JOHN MUSSEY,

*Clerk of the District Court of Maine.*

A true copy as of record,

*Attest,*

J. MUSSEY, *Clerk D. C. Maine.*



## PREFACE.

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Many of the following Poems have already appeared in various literary Journals and such has been their reception that the timidity natural to a young author, ambitiously seeking fame, is lessened. Anxiety for the fate of his productions is ever predominant in a poet's mind ; and, however sanguinely he may create, in moments of high aspiring, an immortality for himself experience of earthly mutability chills his ardor and superinduces apprehensions fearful in proportion to his lofty imaginings. But repeated favors from the public mitigate this dread, and supply in its place deferential confidence alike agreeable to those who impart and him who receive sincere approbation. In writing these Poems it has been my desire to please the fulfilment of that desire remains with a public not unconscious of the author's youth and misfortunes.



## Lays of Melpomene.

---

### SONNET.

Lyre of my Love ! for many a lonely hour  
Thou hast breathed music o'er my sinking mind  
And I have sought thee, when the world unkind  
Crushed my fond hopes, in Love's secluded bower,  
And found thy chords possessed a magic power  
O'er the dark workings of the soul ;—woes bind  
The Memory unto joys life leaves behind,  
And Fancy radiates the darkest lower  
Of stormy being with rich light ;—howe'er  
Rude and unpractised be the hand that strays  
Thy golden wires among, thy plaintive lays  
Oft from my soul have banished pain and fear,  
And I have felt for many a lingering year  
Of harrowing woe for one so young the days  
More softly come and go, illumined by rays  
Brighter than others, when my lyre was near.  
Thou hast been faithful and I love thee well.  
Go forth, ye orphan lays ! ye have no guardian spell.

## AUTUMN.

There's beauty in the autumnal sky,  
 And mellow sweetness in the air,  
 But it hath sadness in my eye,  
 And breathes of sorrow and despair;  
 Its softness suits not settled woe,  
 Its richness mocks my poverty,  
 And sunny day's ethereal glow  
 Laughs o'er my dark soul's misery.

The requiem song of sighing gale  
 With rustling, lifeless foliage playing;  
 The chilling night wind's saddening wail  
 O'er rock-browed hill and wild heath straying;  
 The mournful sound of lapsing flood  
 Lamenting desert mead and shore,  
 Rather beseem his solitude  
 Who weeps for all he did adore.

I have long been a wanderer, doomed  
 Life's ills and wrongs and woes to bear,  
 To feel my bosom's loves entombed,  
 To cherish grief and woo despair!  
 And I have been betrayed, oppressed,  
 Belied and mocked in guise so foul,  
 That there dwells not within my breast  
 A hope, nor purpose in my soul.

No kindred bosom beats with mine,  
 For I am one the world loves not;  
 No hopes around my being twine,  
 For I am doomed to be forgot;  
 Oh! had I perished when a child,  
 Ere high aspirings burned to heaven,  
 Devotions blasted, pleasures foiled,  
 And passions ne'er my heart had riven!

I have no friend on this cold earth,  
 No gilded prospect cheers my eye,  
 Despair watched o'er my unwished birth,  
 And woe wept o'er the agony ;  
 My childhood groaned 'neath wrong and ill,  
 And I grew sad when others smiled,  
 For ever on joy's rapturing thrill  
 Came sorrows deep and miseries wild.

My youth has been a scene of woe,  
 And wandering and reproach, and all  
 That loved me in death's overthrow  
 Have passed away beyond recal ;  
 And I am left to suffer here  
 Alone, and feel the keenest throes  
 Of pain unpitied, while no tear  
 Gushes to calm my burning woe.

Pale daughter of the dying year !  
 I ever loved thy scenes of death,  
 Thy foliage dropping red and sear,  
 Thy pensive look and nipping breath ;  
 For thou wert like thy votary son,  
 Fading and dying day by day,  
 And smiling that thy task was done  
 So soon, and life had passed away.

When, oh, I trace the path of years  
 And count the pangs my heart hath borne,  
 And number o'er my bosom's tears,  
 And sighs and groans of grief forlorn,  
 And think of all the dead behind,  
 And what they were in life to me,  
 I feel a wild delight refined  
 In holding converse thus with thee.



Oh, I would change my being high  
 Gladly a withered leaf to be,  
 And float on zephyr's pinions by,  
 A thing unknowing misery !  
 And when the snows of winter fell  
 I should not feel their icy blight,  
 But slumber in the mountain dell  
 Sweetly the livelong northern night.

I ne'er could cringe and crouch to guile,  
 Nor thoughts repress that would arise,  
 Nor visor with a villian smile  
 Ice-featured hatred's demon lies ;  
 I ne'er could herd with fashion's throng,  
 And whirl away the unmeaning hours,  
 Nor link with base nefarious wrong  
 My spirit's unpolluted powers.

And so my mortal life hath passed  
 In loneliness and grief and woe,  
 And I have trod an arid waste  
 With measured step, lone, solemn, slow,  
 And seen the viper brood of hate  
 And baseness crawl around my way,  
 And felt my being desolate  
 Lit by misfortune's baleful ray.

Oh, dying Autumn ! would with thee  
 I could lie down and sleep fore'er ;  
 Thou would'st not waken misery  
 In the soft springtime of the year  
 By breaking his undreaming sleep  
 Who never loved its brilliant flowers,  
 But often sighed—he could not weep—  
 When musing of youth's changeful hours.

Cold is the hand that once was prest  
 In passion'd rapture to my heart,  
 And colder yet the loveliest breast  
 That felt in all my woes a part :  
 Wild wails the wind o'er many a tomb  
 Which holds full many a dear one bound,  
 And in creation's starless gloom  
 I hear a mournful, dirge-like sound.

'Tis nothing, Autumn, but thy breeze  
 Amid the leafless forest flying,  
 But yet it comes through bending trees  
 Like the last groan of nature dying ;  
 And seems, as low the sun sinks down,  
 Like a sweet voice I loved to hear,  
 Though altered now its charming tone  
 To suit the melancholy year.

In childhood's hours, a wandering boy,  
 Reflective, feeling, sad and wild,  
 I felt it was a glad employ  
 For lonely, visionary child,  
 To rove abroad 'mid hills and woods,  
 And climb the cliff and pluck the flower  
 That flourished there, and skim the floods,  
 And dare worst danger's utmost power.

I little thought at that sweet time  
 My heart would ache 'mid scenes like these,  
 Or that the clear brook's lulling chime  
 Would ever fail my soul to please ;  
 But, ah, long time has passed away  
 Since I knew not the world's deep woes,  
 And pleasures past around me play  
 Like spectres round the dead's repose.

Since thou, pale widow of the year,  
Wert here before, strange deeds have been ;  
Full many a gay heart's quaked with fear,  
And many a lovely, joyous scene  
Hath changed to desolation wild ;  
Eyes, that once shone with pleasure's light,  
Have wept like those of little child,  
And lost their happy, fairy sight.

And many a proud and lordly one  
Hath knelt beside the robbing tomb,  
And high-born things have heedless gone  
With creatures nursed in lowly gloom ;  
All—all, O nature ! die with thee,  
The high, the low, the sad, the gay,  
And it were joy, in sooth, to me,  
If I could die like yon sweet day.



### THE ISLAND BOWER.

Balm-breathing evening's azure eye  
Its mellow glance o'er nature throws,  
And, music, melting o'er the sky,  
Along the vale of Lura flows ;  
While glory in yon sun-track gleams,  
Like vision'd hope, rich, faint, and fair,  
And fancy drinks the waning beams,  
As memory waves her sun-flower hair.

The arching cliff looks on the stream,  
That purls, and trills, and murmurs by,  
And silence waits o'er youth's fond dream  
Of bliss, he thinks not soon will die ;

The tassell'd hill, whose sun-lit brow  
Returns creation's wavy light,  
Leans musing o'er the rill below,  
And sings to hail the vernal night.

O ! Lura's vale is dear to me !  
For every scene is lit with eyes  
That glow 'mid every blossom'd tree  
With long-lost hour's ethereal dyes ;  
And, while the star that lovers love  
Illumines rapture's tear-gemm'd hour,  
I'll wander through the linden grove,  
And muse in Ellen's Island Bower.

The tufted lawn, the bowery way,  
The arbour's voice, and streamlet's song  
Are still the same as ere away  
I roved in exile sad and long ;  
And I can hear the witch-note still,  
That breathed the pure soul erst, when love  
Sung in the breeze, and o'er the hill  
Dauced, while the stars smiled bright above.

The woven flowers, whose texturing wreaths  
Clustered around the home of bliss,  
Zephyr still harps among and breathes  
Their odours o'er the lover's kiss ;  
And silken chords with rainbow locks,  
Still link each lovely blooming flower,  
While gurgling rills, from shelving rocks  
Flow softly round the Island Bower.

The sighing groves, the star-lit skies,  
The water's glow, the boatman's oar,  
The blushing mead with violet eyes,  
The fragrant wood, and pebbled shore,

Yet live the same as in those days  
 When beauty on my young heart shone,  
 When laughing hope breathed angel lays  
 O'er feeling's lyre from rapture's throne.

But youthful throbs of new-born love  
 The expansive heart will ever wring,  
 For seraph transport cannot rove  
 On time's unequal, changeful wing.  
 Oh ! years can quell and quench the fire,  
 That lights affection's holy hour,  
 And all we worship will expire,  
 Like love in Ellen's Island Bower.

Once thrilling heart, and beaming eye,  
 Existence, soul, in rapture met,  
 And nature's priest stood in the sky,  
 The signet of our loves to set ;  
 And fanning airs were singing o'er  
 The union of enamoured souls,  
 With strains as sweet as angels pour,  
 When virgin's prayer to Eden rolls.

Then Housatonic's pale blue stream  
 Sung in the groves of Lura's vale,  
 And radiant eyes were seen to gleam  
 Along the moon-lit flowery dale ;  
 Then soul breathed soul in glowing flood,  
 And bosoms panted fend and true,  
 While Dian o'er the islet stood  
 To watch and revel in the view.

But fate came on with fury's frown,  
 And envy yelled his fell behest,  
 And beauty sunk in madness down,  
 The victim of a wretch unblest ;

The mournful hosts of heaven in tears,  
 Bewailed fair Lura's darling flower ;  
 And, wandering through unhappy years,  
 I mourned the ruined Island Bower.

How dear to me is Lura's vale !  
 O ! every spot is full of love !  
 For Ellen still walks o'er the dale,  
 And whispers in the willow grove.  
 Her sky-blue eye still glows with beams  
 Of love, o'er misery's broken heart,  
 And oft a glance, lone wandering gleams,  
 Along despair's convulsing dart.

Dark night-shades hover o'er the scene,  
 Like sorrow o'er my bosom's love ;  
 And all the smiles that e'er have been  
 Like spectres round my spirit move ;  
 Oh ! I will linger here and weep  
 The ruin of hope's loveliest flower,  
 And, hushed in sacred silence, keep  
 My sainted Ellen's Island Bower.

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### THE TRAITOR SON.\*

'Twas a mournful sound, that trumpet's strain,  
 When its wild notes rung o'er Hebron's plain,  
 For it told of woe and an ingrate son,  
 Of a desolate sire and a child undone.  
 'Twas a mournful sight by Kidron's flood,  
 That exile-monarch and father good,  
 Hurrying away from his palace home  
 To shun captivity's deathful doom,

\* *Vide* the story of David and Absalom.

With a stranger chief—the brave Ittai,  
 To guard him amid disloyal fray  
 While his trembling tread was weak and slow,  
 And his aged head like the mountain snow,  
 And his sighs swelled deep, and his tears fell fast,  
 When the rebel clarion's echoed blast  
 O'er Salem's hills on the wings of wind  
 Came rapid and loud the king behind,  
 As, girt by his friends, in sore distress  
 He fled the way of the wilderness.

The traitor-chief in the flush and pride  
 (Giloh's oracle sage by his side,  
 Of usurped pomp and stolen power,  
 (A curse hung o'er that pageant hour,  
 With his regal train who shout as they come  
 The state of the death doomed Absalom,  
 Careers to the monarch's empty halls,  
 And wakens the voices of frowning walls  
 With the cries of mirth and the wassail roar  
 Of revel unheard in that dome before,  
 And mounts the throne of his monarch sire,  
 And pollutes his bowers with fierce desire,  
 While the lonely cry of the centinel  
 Like a malison on his slumbers fell.

Look ye to Olivet ! Lord of Earth !  
 For apostate nature's monster birth,  
 A traitor prince and a murderous child,  
 A monarch roams the desert wild !  
 Those weary steps and those trickling tears,  
 And those hoary locks, the voice of years,  
 That, waving, sighed as he weeping went  
 Up the hill beneath affliction bent,  
 And those longing looks he downward threw,  
 (Perchance the son of his love was in view,)  
 Oh ! Israel, weep ! what can they declare  
 But a father's love and deep despair ?

The sun went down o'er Carmel's brow,  
 And nightshades dimm'd the world below,  
 And David fled fast his son before—  
 (Was the mother there, that the traitor bore?)  
 And Bahurim around in dimness lay,  
 When the heir of Gera crossed his way,  
 And bann'd the king who had been a shield  
 To his home, his loves, his hill and field,  
 And called *him* lord of Belial race  
 Who had e'er blessed him with kingly grace,  
 Till Ithra's son in his wrath wax'd high,  
 And shook his lance with a fiery eye,  
 And loudly craved his monarch's nod  
 To strike the curser to the sod,  
 When David turned with a look like heaven,  
 And said to Shemei—"thou art forgiven!  
 "If the son of my love doth seek to kill,  
 "Can Abishai think *his* curse is ill?  
 "Let the evil rage on—their words are vain,  
 "The curses they wish us *they* surely will gain."

The outcast king to Mahanaim,  
 Weary and sad by morning came,  
 And found loyal hearts 'mid traitor war  
 In the chiefs of Rogelim and Lodebar,  
 Who nurtured his frame and pillowed his head,  
 And balm'd his heart though it ever bled,  
 For the exile prince was in sore distress  
 While fleeing the way of the wilderness.

And there he lay while the Archite great  
 Like Giloh's sage in Judah's state—  
 Went to the tented field to mar  
 His deadly counsel the war;  
 And wisdom's word unheeded fell  
 As earth received Ithophel.

So the armies met in Ephraim's wood,  
 And the battle raged like an ocean flood.



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 And the battle raged like an ocean flood.

For Ithra's sons and the proud Ittai  
 Led Israel's hosts in the gory fray,  
 And the warrior-chief of Salem's bands  
 Brooked not the sire's but the king's commands,  
 And the TRAITOR-SON that morning died  
 In his beauty, glory, hope and pride.

"Who comes from afar?" the monarch said,  
 As the watchman looked—saw—heard the tread  
 Of messenger come like hurricane—  
 "Is the young man safe?"—"I saw the plain  
 "A sea of tumult, but I know no more!"  
 "My son hath fled and the battle's o'er."  
 The watchman cried to the porter—"There  
 "Cometh Cushite like a thing of air!"  
 "He's a good man—and his tidings good!"  
 "Peace to my lord!" he said and stood.  
 "Is the young man safe? how fares the fray?"  
 "May thy foes be as thy son to day.  
 My lord the king!" That word was death,  
 And the father sunk the king beneath.  
 He went to his chamber and wept alone,  
 And he cried as he wept—"my son! my son!"

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### A DEATH SCENE.

Glimmering amid the shadowy shapes that float  
 In sickly Fancy's vision o'er the walls  
 Of Death's lone room, the trembling taper burns  
 Dimly, and guides my fearful eye to trace  
 The wandering track of parting life upon  
 The burning brow and sallow cheek of him  
 Whose smile was paradise to me and mine.  
 The autumnal breeze breathes pantingly and comes  
 With hollow sighs through yon high window o'er

Thy feverish couch, my love ! and seems to sob  
 Amid the waving curtains as 't would tell  
 My heart how desolate it will become  
 When widowed of its blisses and doomed  
 To bleed and agonize at Memory's tale.  
 The outward air is chill, but, oh, thy breast,  
 My dying love ! is scorching with the fires  
 That centre in thy heart, and thy hot breath  
 Flows sobbingly, like the sirocco gale  
 That heralds death ; and thou art speechless now  
 Save what thy glaring eyes can tell, for life  
 Is parting from thy bosom and the chill  
 Dew of cold dissolution's pangs pours down  
 Thy damp and pallid cheek and silently  
 Evaporates upon thy panting lips.  
 Thy pulse is wild and wandering, and thy frame  
 Is writhing in convulsive agony,  
 And, while thy spirit hovers o'er the verge  
 Of Fate, thou can'st not speak to me nor bid  
 Thy chosen one a long farewell ! O Heaven !  
 Let thy sweet mercy wait upon his end  
 And life's last struggle close—'tis vain to hope  
 For life—then take his soul on gentle wing  
 Away and let the sufferer rest with thee !  
 Alas ! hath He who rules the universe  
 Replied to my wild wish—oh, give me back  
 The parted spirit, kind heaven ! thou seest how  
 I'm left in utter desolation—ah !  
 'Tis o'er, my love, my happiness, my hope.  
 I sit beside a corse ! How deadly still  
 Is the lone chamber he hath left ! The moan  
 Of dying nature and the bursting sigh  
 Of heart dissolving and the murmuring voice  
 Of a delirious spirit—all are hushed !  
 The eye that kindled love in my young heart  
 And told me I was blest, is lustreless—  
 And those dear lips, that oft illumed my soul ;

Are stiffening now—those features exquisite,  
 On which I often gazed as on a mirror  
 Lit by affection, genius, feeling—all  
 That love adores and honor prizes—now  
 Collapse in expiration and assume  
 The ashen deadliness of soulless dust.  
 And must it be, my love! that thou wilt sleep  
 Where I can never watch thy wants and glide  
 Around, thy gentle minister? No more  
 Read voiceless wishes in thy pleading eye  
 And soothingly discharge them? Art thou gone,  
 Or is it but a dream? O thou dost dwell  
 Within my heart unchangeably as erst  
 And ever wilt!—I sit beside the Dead—  
 (The Dead! it doth sound awful unto those  
 Whose heaven was earth's frail tabernacle!) all  
 Alone, while round me the false world is bent  
 On pleasure and delight of varying sense.  
 The bright-blue wave of Hudson rolls below  
 My solitary view and harps of joy  
 Fling music o'er its waters and the voice  
 Of gaiety is rising on my ear,  
 Deepening my dark despair and barbing throes  
 Of untold woe with mirth and jubilee.  
 O the full consciousness of utter loss!  
 The single wretchedness of cureless woe—  
 When all around are gay! The chaos wild  
 Of billowy thought, on whose tumultuous tides  
 Hopes, powers and passions—all the elements  
 Of heart and soul in foamy whirlpools toss  
 'Till whelmed in ruin!—Lovely babe! thou hast  
 No father now, and where, my orphaned child,  
 Will close our wanderings? I have no home  
 For thee, dove of the storm of Fate! thy path  
 In life is canopied in gloom, and oh!  
 The fires that light it may be lightning-bolts.  
 Cold, voiceless mansion of my ruined love!  
 I'll close thine eyes and kiss thy blanched lips,

And watch beside thee for the livelong night—  
 The last, last night I shall behold thy form !  
 O agony, and they will bury thee !  
 Will snatch thee from the pillow of my heart,  
 And lay thee in the damp, un pitying tomb !  
 Sleep, my sweet child ! thou knowest not the pain  
 Of the sad bosom that thou slumberest on.  
 It is some joy that thou feel'st not the loss  
 Of him who would have worshipped his first-born.  
 The world is silent round me ; pale the moon  
 Gleams on the closed eye of him who loved  
 Her gentle light in life, and o'er his cold,  
 Expressionless and melancholy face  
 Plays her transparent beam of love. My heart !  
 Thy bleeding tears would drown my soul, if yet  
 One being lived not in my life to tell  
 How dear he was to me. Farewell, my love !  
 Our slumbers now will be apart how far !  
 Yet e'en in paradise thou wilt behold  
 Thy earthly love and bend from heaven to shed  
 Immortal hopes o'er nature's funeral urn.

#### A SKETCH.

Days, weeks and months passed o'er me and were seen  
 Vanishing eternally with a smile,  
 That formed itself against the spirit's will,  
 So glad was I to feel that burden, Time,  
 Dropping from my pierced heart ; for I did live  
 Among, but yet not with the living—tears  
 Suppressed within the fountains of the soul,  
 Hardened like crystal rills in cavern-hall,  
 And fell in icy particles upon  
 My burning heart, yet melted not but lay  
 Unmoving there, and chilled each feeling, hope,  
 Desire and aspiration that arose.  
 My being passed 'mid shadows, and the things

Familiar once assumed, or unknown form  
 Or appendage, unknown, and to my eye  
 The faces erst beloved appeared like those  
 Imagination images in dreams;  
 And oft I feared to speak, lest I should be  
 Abandoned to my woe; and, if I spake,  
 My voice re-echoed round me like the cries  
 Of desperation 'mid a dirge. My brain  
 Was fevered with my dreadful anguish, which  
 Grew by repression, like the camomile,  
 Until it mastered reason, or whate'er  
 Name that observant faculty doth bear  
 Whose power is o'er the visible universe.  
 There was a dread, unmeasured, in my thought,  
 A vague idea of something horrible,  
 Which I dared not examine lest it should  
 Prove real; and I lived like one in sleep,  
 Forever searching for some lost companion,  
 And wandering in mazes till the eye  
 Refuses to direct, and hope expires.  
 Yet amid all the estranging of my love  
 I still clung to my child; a mother's heart  
 Retains its deep devotion to her dear  
 And pang-bought offspring, when the woman's mind  
 Is laid in ruins; and her bosom burns  
 With love instinctive for an innocent  
 And lovely creature whom her spirit knows  
 Only as something worthy to be loved.  
 Folding the orphan to my heart, I went  
 Abroad the mansion witlessly, and searched  
 Its chambers desolate, and then returned  
 In wildered disappointment that the thing  
 I looked for could no where be found.—I sat  
 In the lone winter nights before the dim  
 And melancholy embers, and did hush  
 My breath while listening for the tread of him  
 Who ever spent his evenings with his love

In social converse ;—but he came not, so  
 I sighed and murmured to my prattling babe  
 That he would soon return ; but then I thought  
 That he had gone to a far land and left  
 His duties unto me, and that I must  
 Discharge them as became our vow of love.  
 And so I oped his escritoir and saw  
 His papers, pens and pencils and all things  
 Disposed e'en as he left them, and I felt  
 That I could not arrange them otherwise  
 If they were wrong ;—his closet then I searched  
 And there his vestments hung familiarly  
 And appositely arrayed ;—I returned  
 From such short wanderings sad, and sometimes thought  
 My love had told me he should dwell no more  
 Upon the earth—and then my heart did feel  
 As if it floated in a lava sea.  
 Thus passed my strange existence from the day  
 He died until disease my infant laid  
 Upon his suffering couch, and I became  
 His sleepless watcher. Long I sat beside  
 The lovely one, attending all his wants  
 And sick caprices uncomplainingly,  
 Yet all unconscious that he was my son,  
 Till one said he was dying—then there flashed  
 Through my dark spirit thoughts of past, and tears  
 Profuse quenched the destroying fire that burned  
 Within my heart and brain ; I backward looked  
 And saw my desolation, and yet felt  
 Happy contrasted with the awful state  
 I had awaked from ; life hath direful ills  
 And woes and sufferings, but the fiercest lie  
 In madness, e'er in dread of heaven and earth.  
 It cannot weep—it doth not think, and yet  
 It hath both tears and thoughts, the one of blood,  
 Of pangs the other ; all its feelings coil  
 Like serpents round the heart and sting the core  
 Unceasingly, and all the sweet ideas



Of love and friendship round the racked brain twine  
 Like knotted adders, venomous and blind.  
 Pierce, O Thou Holy One ! the heart but spare  
 The spirit ! Let thy judgments fall upon  
 The affections, but preserve the immortal soul !

My child was spared me ; and the tale I tell  
 Was gathered from the loved ones who beheld  
 But could not mitigate my woe, and those  
 Impressions I retain of sights and sounds  
 That floated by me in bewilderment.

### THE PROMENADE.

It was the Sabbath's herald eve ; and pained  
 With melancholy musings, such as hearts  
 Bleeding with sorrow nourish, forth I went  
 To gaze on nature's pensive face and smile  
 Of virgin softness, and I felt the sweet  
 Sense of her loveliness stealing o'er my woes  
 While watching her pure countenance, now veil'd  
 In moonlight and her changeful robes of green  
 Azure and silver blended, while she looked  
 Like one who was to me what angels are  
 To paradise—the living fount of joy.  
 A diamond star was gemming o'er the waves  
 Of pearl, that danced along the silver wake  
 Of Dian's bark, and it did seem like love  
 Adorning innocence ; while in the midst  
 Of ether hung the rosy isles of bliss,  
 Where spirits, as they do the hests of heaven  
 And warder Zion's towers, commune with each  
 Other delightedly, and tune the songs  
 That soaring souls forever sing above.  
 The thought of meeting my beloved again,  
 Filled all my soul with gladness ; and there came  
 The blended feeling of devoted love  
 Struggling with hope's pale spectres, and despair

Kindling the incense of its orisons  
 At Eden's altar; and I felt a deep  
 Impress of confidence of happier days  
 On my wrung heart till sorrow came again.

A sea of voices waked me from my dreams  
 Of holier spheres, and told me of the earth,  
 That held in its cold bosom all my loves,  
 Save one sweet babe that gilds its buried sire's  
 Image upon his widow's heart! O Earth!  
 Cold is the couch thy sons must sleep upon,  
 And dark the chambers of their slumber deep;  
 I looked around me and the vestal moon  
 Was silvering the waters, o'er which scud,  
 Swanlike, many a silent sail bound afar,  
 Perchance, to fathomless eternity!  
 And dazzling lamps, that seemed in the pale moon  
 Like crime obtruding his unholy light  
 Before rose-beaming virtue, glared above  
 The blushing waters as they laughed in scorn.  
 And in a sea-dome, studded o'er with lights  
 That mocked the diamond, many a voice arose  
 In merriment, well-feigned and many a form  
 Of outward splendor, glided round to find  
 Something to tell how happy all must be  
 Who 've wooed and won the pleasures of the world.  
 Like earth's gay hopes, full oft a column rose  
 Of fire far in the azure vault of night,  
 And then it burst and vanished, and loud laughs,  
 Lunatic, echoed far;—but some did watch  
 The glittering fragments till they fell—then sighed—  
 And I sighed too—they told me of my joys!  
 It was no scene for me—the sights I saw  
 Were once shared with those eyes that wake no more;  
 The voices that I heard were all unknown;  
 The arm I held was not my loved one's—oh!  
 'Tis bitter to compare our passing years!

The Dead! where are they now? The Living! what  
Are they to those whose hearts are in the tomb?

\* \* \* \* \*

Slow I returned to my lone room, and kissed  
My sleeping child, and looked to heaven—and wept.

### THE YANAR.

In orient land of wizardry and charms,  
Spells, spirits and romance, there is a fire  
Unchangeably eternal, and it burns  
In undimmed brightness amid mountain snows  
That hang white, pure, unmelting o'er the flame,  
Which (saith the legend) suddenly appeared  
To the meek prophet whom the princess saved  
In childhood from his watery couch, and nursed  
In all the science of the magic land,  
To warn him of his bonded nation's wrongs,  
And light his spirit to supernal deeds.  
Round that undying flame in beauty bloom  
Roses in all their pride of fragrancy,  
Diffusing o'er the flame such rich perfumes  
As angels only may inhale and live;  
And amaranthine flowers in clusters wave  
Around it ever, while the genii hold  
Their magic conclave 'mid the alcove there.

But, oh, methinks there is an holier fire  
That burns yet richer incense, and a light  
Brighter and lovelier than that o'er which  
Men marvel as a thing beyond their power  
To solve—a widowed heart's immortal love;  
A Love, that followed gladly in the path  
Its idol chose, unquestioning of the good  
Or ill therein, and went unmurmuring on  
Through want and weakness, wretchedness and woe.

Disease and weariness, and feared no wrong  
 Save one's unkindness and reproach ; oft tried  
 Sorely and found unchangeable as truth ;  
 A Love, that wedded pleasure, pride and mirth,  
 And turned in after-days to sadness, gloom,  
 And melancholy poverty with a smile  
 That nothing but his censure could displace.

The heart is Love's dear dwelling-place, and there  
 Around his throne pure thoughts and feelings high  
 Embodied spirits stand or kneel in deep  
 Devotion at the shrine of sweet content,  
 Fanning with dewy breath the incense-wreath  
 Of faithful worship, while the sun-beam eye  
 And angel feature of their lord respond  
 To the fond vows of unalloyed delight.

The icy look of stranger sympathy—  
 The blooming sweetness of young loveliness—  
 Tempest and sun-light and the storm and breeze  
 Are all alike to those who feel no hope  
 Of better time or season ; all whose joys  
 Have perished in the wildest wreck of Fate.  
 The inextinguishable lamp of love,  
 That burns within the bosom ceaselessly,  
 Is lighted at the sepulchre of hope,  
 And doth derive its nutriment from pale  
 Misery's tears—the portress of the tomb.

#### TO IANTHE.

Perchance, desponding maid ! thy plaintive strain  
 Is echoed by a heart as desolate,  
 And soul as melancholy as thine own,  
 Perchance, should I a shorter life than thine  
 Unfold, it would reveal more dreary scenes  
 Than those thy muse so feelingly portrays ;  
 Fond hopes crushed by the anaconda coil

Of envy, treachery, folly and deceit—  
 Affections blasted by the breath of scorn—  
 Loves murdered on the pillow of repose,  
 Revelling in dreams of holiness, and rapt  
 To ecstasies of passion pure and high ;  
 Deep feelings tortured on the rack of doubt,  
 Till their engendering fibres, broken, warped,  
 Withered and hardened, trembled on the wheel  
 That killed them, like a wretched maiden's thoughts  
 On the imperjured object of her love !  
 Perchance, thou hast not seen the dew of death  
 Gathering upon the brow of him thou loved'st  
 Most holily, and felt the life, that was  
 Thy heaven, trembling in the unequal pulse  
 Till the heart throbbed no more ! Thou hast not seen,  
 Perchance, the pallid lip striving in vain  
 To give the parting spirit speech—the eye  
 Upturned to thy inanguished view, and bent  
 In dying fondness on thee, till it lost  
 The light of life and love at once in death !  
 When the dark tomb holds all we loved below,  
 'Tis meet to wish us there, that we may blend  
 The ashes that in life were warmed by fires  
 Ethereal mutually ; and that our souls,  
 From earth's thrall freed, might rise together on  
 The worlds they loved to hold converse withal.  
 But, lovely songstress ! (lovely in thy life  
 And poesy alike,) thou hast fond friends  
 Who love thee ardently, and would not lose  
 Thee tearlessly—while I, whom thou hast seen  
 Sembling a smile that mocked the lip and eye  
 That wore it, have no tie but grief to bind  
 My spirit to this sphere ; for none would know  
 When I am buried that I e'er had been.  
 How little know we what we are, and less  
 What our companions are ! We toil and pain  
 Ourselves to be the things that nature cries  
 We are not ; and we rack our souls in days  
 Of sunny loveliness to find a cloud

Where fancying sorrow may complain and sigh.  
 Oh ! if the grief that rends the silent heart  
 In twain, could write in pangs its harrowing tale,  
 'Twould shame the moody minstrel's morbid strain,  
 And burn the heart that listened to its notes.  
 Such woe is mine, and mine will ever be  
 Till death, for I have proved the world, and find  
 Sickness and sorrow universal here.  
 The wave of Arethusa cannot heal  
 The soaring soul that laves in its bright stream,  
 Nor can Pierian waters cool the heart  
 That burns in feverish anguish. To invest  
 Our woes in fancy's rainbow robes, and clothe  
 Pangs with the spirit's sunlight, is to deck  
 A corse in diamonds, and to lay the dead  
 Upon a bier of gold—vain pageantry !  
 Songstress ! thou can'st not find among thy friends,  
 Though full oft near thee, her whose lonely breast  
 Broods woes too poorly pictured in this strain ;  
 But be it thine to know that a bright face  
 May often mask a hopeless heart, and forms  
 So falsely gay as mine be near the tomb.

## SONNET.

Lord of my bosom's love, a last Farewe  
 The tears of Time bedew the burning throes  
 Of agony, and maniac pain compose  
 To sadness, that becomes thought's magic spell ;  
 The musings drear of hopelessness to tell  
 Would tire the gay ; a tale of bitter woes  
 To mirth doth bring alloy, and pleasure's rose  
 Would vanish at the sound of death's deep knell.  
 The hopes, the fancies and the follies—all  
 The subtle means employed to brighten life  
 Shall live and be with sweet delusion rife  
 Long ere I throw o'er them their sable pall.  
 Though brightest feelings and most fond desires,

Aspirings holiest, delights most pure  
 For few brief moments in the view endure,  
 They glitter, while they be, with magic fires ;  
 And, like the sea the setting sun beneath,  
 Life loveliest looks when sinking into Death.

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### THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

Empire of Death and nation of the Dead !  
 With trembling awe delightful, through thy realms  
 Unwarring, lighted by a flickering lamp,  
 Whose quivering flame just trembles on the verge  
 Of darkness, and displays unreal things,  
 I tread in silence, and my spirit feels  
 A luxury of terror, and a dread  
 Sublime in its infinitude, while o'er  
 This peaceful land where man hath learned to dwell  
 In quiet with his fellow, I with step  
 Soundless, wander to muse. 'Tis a dread place  
 For those whose puny spirits quail at death,  
 And his high attributes ! O'er the damp walls  
 Flit shadows spectral, and the startled ear,  
 Tensely attentive, doth create wild sounds,  
 And tomb-like voices, whose strange language spells  
 The daunted heart, and fires the reeling brain  
 To agony ; and on each side there stand  
 The mighty congregations of the dead ;  
 Not phantoms as their spirits be, but still  
 Things of proportion as they were in life,  
 Though they move not as erst they did, from sense  
 Internal, but are swayed by passing things,  
 And speak in voices not their own ; the forms,  
 Anciently seen upon the Earth, are now  
 Degenerated to that strange state which doth  
 Exist between the living and the things  
 In the world's creed thought dead. Sensations wild

And agonizing wake within the heart,  
 At maddening meditation on the fate  
 Mortality involves ; and spirits proud  
 Quail at the glance of him whose chilling touch  
 Freezes both thought and feeling ;—but I feel  
 A glory and a majesty, unfelt  
 Before, amid the Empire of the Dead.

Here all is peace ; distinctions die with man,  
 And pride and power, and high and low lie down  
 Together like fond twins, and slumber here  
 Forgetful of degree ; the Cardinal  
 And Count with Monk and Peasant sleep,  
 Undreaming of to-morrow's festival  
 Or hierarchal pomp ; no crosiers here,  
 Nor coronets, nor gold cross robes, nor crowns  
 Of triple dominance, the humble garb  
 Of meek dependance mock ; but lordly prince  
 And haughty priest lie side by side with him  
 Who chronicled in memory the high  
 Distinction, that he digged their 'scutcheoned graves.  
 This is the tomb of Nations ; and upon  
 Yon broken statue I will sit me down,  
 And meditate on death ; burn up, my lamp !  
 No Sun of life lights this vast darkling cave.  
 Methinks there is a mighty power within  
 My spirit, that I feel such glorious thoughts  
 Roll like sun-billows o'er my swelling brain.  
 The World, unthinking things, would call me mad !  
 And reprobate the act whose affluence  
 Of thought e'en Angels would be proud to own.  
 But, oh, thou Father of my soul ! I bless  
 And worship thee that I'm not like the world.  
 When thy pure Spirit purifies my heart  
 From this life's blots, and liberates my soul  
 From mortal fardels, and doth place me where  
 I may be one of thy own Angel choir,  
 My theme of praise to thee shall ever be



That thou didst give to me a soul above  
The sickening follies of this slaving World.

This subterranean mansion ages since  
Was made to shield the persecuted race  
Of humble Christian worshippers from rage  
Of pagan bigotry : and oft, perchance,  
The solitary follower of Him,  
Who was the Prince of peace, hath sat alone  
Where I do now in sadness, listening close  
For sound of dread discovery, and the first  
Object that met his wearied eye has been  
A headless, mangled brother, or a child  
Rescued from Vultures. Bitter was the bread  
Of mortal sustenance, but sweet the pain  
Suffered to those who felt a loftier range  
Of being in this dungeon than the crowned  
Despot who reigned o'er Earth-shadowing Rome.  
The cold clay was their couch—the dripping rock  
Their pillow, and their food the scant supplies  
Of short occasion or quick passing chance ;  
And the sweet sympathies of life, the pure  
Diffusion of fond tenderness and love,  
The mingling of unwounded feelings, were  
Few and unlasting ; yet the unfaltering sense  
Of Godlike piety cheered their hearts  
And filled their spirits with a strong-winged faith,  
Which rose to paradise amid the gloom  
Of their long banishment.—Where are they now ?  
And where their foes, the mighty ones of Rome ?  
They sleep together in yon glittering piles  
Of limbs and skulls, and he, who on the rack,  
Or in the cauldron, or 'mid savage beasts  
Perished, lies now beside his murderer  
And links his bony hand with his who plied  
The torture or the fire, or goaded on  
The frenzied Lion, fiercest.—Senators  
And Slaves, and Knights and Servitors, and high  
Dames and their lowly damsels ; meek and proud,

The wise man and the fool, and friend and foe,  
 The persecutor and the persecuted lie  
 Commingled indivisibly ; and all  
 Who, living, waged eternal warfare—fierce  
 Banditti and their victims sleep in peace  
 Beside the mitred lords whose curses poured  
 Unceasingly against them ; their rude wars  
 And bitter feuds, taunts, jeers and scoffings now  
 Are past ; we hear of them as tales of death  
 Befitting only horror's wild romance.  
 And here I sit amid a perished world ;  
 And 'tis, methinks, a better place to dwell  
 Within, than that polluted one they call  
 Land of the living ; for a dead man shows  
 More nature and true tenderness in look,  
 Action and attitude, than the base herd,  
 Who cannot breathe save in a venomed air.  
 Death purifies the tainted heart, and sheds,  
 Not aromatic fragrance, but a balm  
 Of potency o'er poisoned hearts, and gives  
 Feelings of kindness to degraded souls.  
 The dead lie not ; their speech and intercourse  
 Is silent but 'tis faithful ; no poor forms  
 And ceremonies chain the bleeding heart  
 In converse with the slumbering sons of clay.  
 Acquaintance long and guarded there is none—  
 Ere one can speak a thought or do a deed  
 That chimes with his desire ; and so I love  
 The dead as friends who ever speak the truth ;  
 They give me better counsel than this vain  
 And prating world ; and he, who lives among  
 The buried nations, doth derive his thought  
 Of might and grandeur from those fountains whence  
 Nor ill, nor wrong, nor malice, ever flow.  
 The silent eloquence of this lone place  
 Prepares the bodied spirit, which doth groan  
 And bleed below, for paradise ; 'tis here  
 Man sees and feels the little thing he is.

Since the first hour of rising consciousness,  
 And tortured feeling and corroding thought,  
 When has the period been we did not wish  
 For Death as for a proud deliverer  
 From woes and agonies he never knew ?  
 When has the time existed spirits high  
 Longed not to throw the fardels off of poor  
 Humanity, and live in glorious climes,  
 Fitting their own glorious nature ? None  
 But cowards, slaves and villains dread the hand  
 That doth disrobe us of the blood-wet vest,  
 Which saturates our spirits with the gore  
 Of agony ; the wretch who begs for life  
 I would condemn as one unfit to live.

In such a dome as this—the sepulchre  
 Of ages, it were glorious fate to die,  
 Beholding the assembly venerable  
 Of Roman lords and mitred saints, and all  
 The thorn-crowned martyrs smiling that their son,  
 Tired of the pains of time, and wearied out  
 With this world's crimes and miseries, had come  
 To join the council of the hall of Death.  
 Then should we look upon the maddening strife  
 For nothing, which corrodes our bleeding hearts,  
 With due derision ; and contemplate all  
 Our hopes and purposes and proud desires,  
 And lofty feelings and aspiring thoughts,  
 And wasted hours and bitter sufferings,  
 As phantoms of a maniac's dream. Alas !  
 We cannot act ourselves ; we are chained down  
 By fashions and by follies, and made dupes  
 Of action artificial ; all is changed.  
 Than this delightful world, no fairer thing  
 Sprung from the plastic touch of Deity ;  
 Amid the unbounded Universe there rolls  
 Creation none more beautiful ; but, oh !  
 This fairy palace of delightful things  
 A lazaretto has been made by man,

Within whose loathsome porticoes and towers  
 Dwell want, disease and wretchedness and crime ;  
 The balmy airs, that once flew fanning o'er  
 Its gardens of delight, and loved to kiss  
 The lovely creatures who, like Peris, roved  
 Around its fragrance breathing bowers, now move  
 Heavily on leaden wings amid the steam  
 Of the wide reeking pestilence ; the songs  
 Of gladness that erst rose to Heaven are changed  
 To wailings of despairing misery.  
 And yet upon this scene of turbulence,  
 And war and sin and rank pollution, still  
 Heaven smiles as wont ; and Angels ope the gemmed  
 Portals of Eden to console this world  
 Of self-inflicted pain, while they change not  
 From what they were in Time's young lovely days,  
 Save that they often weep that man should prove  
 The deadliest of foes to his own peace.

Night wanes in her dark circuit ; and my lamp  
 Dimly illumines the lone catacomb.  
 And forth I must depart—to live again  
 Among the living of the sun-lit Earth.  
 Yet, oh ye mighty dead ! I shall forget  
 Never your counsels ; ye have been to me  
 Wiser and kinder than the breathing race,  
 And oft amid the volumed lore which doth  
 Survive all time, I've passed both day and night,  
 And gathered ample stores of knowledge pure  
 And alimental, which have been to me  
 A counterpoise to all my heart hath borne.

Farewell, ye dead ! ye once were great, and Time,  
 When he watched o'er the growth and perfect glow  
 Of energies ye once possessed, beheld  
 No mightier things beneath the shadowing sky.  
 But ye are nothing now ; and none can tell  
 Or name or lineage ; so all must be,  
 And then *be not* ; appear and vanish, like  
 The foamy wake, which a fleet sailing bark  
 Leaves murmuring a moment in its path.

## PASSAIC.

Blue Passaic! o'er thy mirror stream  
 The queen of heaven in beauty flings  
 The pearly light of her silver beam,  
 While the sky-throned spirits from their wings  
 Drop starry gems in the dark blue flood,  
 And pensive Eve sits on the shore,  
 Wooing the embrace of solitude,  
 And watching the dance on heaven's gemm'd floor  
 Of the airy shapes who guard young love,  
 When pure hearts with affection gush,  
 And trill their songs of bliss above,  
 When lip meets lip, and beauty's blush  
 Fires with a brighter flame the breast  
 Of him who breathes the virgin's breath,  
 And feels so purely, fondly blest,  
 He e'en would court the embrace of death!  
 O Earth! amid thy cheerless gloom  
 There are sunny spots of bliss supreme,  
 And if, when the lights of love illumine  
 Those Edens with joy's rosy beam,  
 We could lie down upon the mead,  
 And die beholding Paradise  
 Around, above, within, indeed  
 'Twere more than heaven to close our eyes,  
 From which wrung tears so oft have flowed,  
 And perish in that blissful hour  
 When every hope hath been bestowed,  
 And we have drained enjoyment's power.  
 Like music heard in young love's dream,  
 The chiming waves come dancing on,  
 And their spiry cones in the moonlight gleam  
 Like memory's thoughts of the dead and gone;  
 And the pebbly beach lies sweetly still,  
 Beneath the look of the queen of night,  
 Drinking from music's fount its fill,  
 And shining amid the pale moonlight

Like budding hopes in blighted bowers  
 Of soul-lit love, when rapture's eye  
 Hath closed in death, and sorrow's hours  
 Link with a dark eternity !

Blue Passaic ! on thy verdured shore,  
 When the world doth sleep, I sit alone,  
 And the deep blue sky I traverse o'er,  
 To find where all my hopes have gone ;  
 For I once was full of love and glee,  
 And felt delight as others do,  
 And my voice rung loud and merrily,  
 Ere I saw that pleasure was untrue,  
 That the melting glance of a fond blue eye,  
 And the angel smile of a ruby lip,  
 Were as full of guile as witchery,  
 And offered to all who loved to sip  
 The venom that burns in the heart forever ;  
 The quenchless fire that sears the soul,  
 Whose flame will cease its fury never,  
 But scorch where'er its billows roll.  
 Spirits of night ! oh, give me back  
 My innocent hours of boyish mirth,  
 And blot from my heart the lava track  
 My thought hath run o'er this dark earth !  
 My childish spirit but little way  
 Flowed in its pure and sweet delight,  
 But, oh, it was a sunlight play  
 Of gleaming waves, forever bright ;  
 While now on billows of lightning rides  
 My boundless thought, o'er midnight skies,  
 And my spirit rolls in the fiery tides  
 With rending groans and wailing cries.  
 My birth star was a meteor-flame,  
 And it wanders and burns fore'er like blood ;  
 Nor hope nor love can its fury tame,  
 For it dwells in dreadful solitude ;  
 'Tis fated the pure and the good to kill,  
 And murder the hearts I love the best,

And its comet fire burns fiercely still  
O'er every hope of my lonely breast.

O, lovely Passaic ! were my heart  
As calm and bright as thine azure stream,  
In nature's love I would bear a part,  
And blend with the light my soul's pure beam !  
But ah, I am one by fate oppressed,  
The wandering ghost of the harmless child,  
And my heart hath died within my breast,  
I have so often been beguiled.

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### THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Good night ! the last faint hues of day  
Blend with the sapphire sea on high,  
And anguished rapture with that ray  
Sinks to despair's deep agony.

The tinted robes of evening fade  
O'er the dark welkin's cloudy vest,  
As Hope's long lingering funeral shade  
Shrouds the lone bower of love unblest.

The soul-lit vision of delight  
Is vested with a heart-wrung tear,  
And prescient misery's chilling blight  
Comes from affection's sunny sphere.

Night, ebon night, veils every scene  
Where oft we met and mingled souls—  
Oh, that thy smiles had never been !  
My pulse throbs wild, my mad brain rolls.

A burst of moonlight feeling gleams  
 O'er my fond heart's magnolia bower,  
 But memory 'mid the bright flowers screams,  
 While Love weeps o'er the parting hour.

O'er life's perspective, dim and dun,  
 No gilding rays of orient glow,  
 My soul's gem-star, my fancy's sun,  
 Burns lurid in the vaults of woe.

Down-winged sylphs no longer dye  
 The pale dead rose of buried love;  
 The air-wove forms of transport's eye  
 Float not o'er sorrow's cypress grove.

Upon cerulean pinions borne,  
 'Mid opal waves of spherul light,  
 O'er my dark spirit, lost, forlorn,  
 Comes one dear shade of dead delight.

'Tis more than demons could invent  
 To wreak their deadliest hate in pain,  
 The broken heart's fierce punishment,  
 To gaze on bliss from cells where reign

The fiend, whose fangs are fraught with all  
 Love's raptures changed to agony,  
 And that foul hag, whose shriek can call  
 The bitterest woes of misery.

Away—away! my boiling blood  
 Maddens my dizzy brain, whene'er  
 I think that Envy's hell-born brood  
 Barred me the love of one so dear.

\* \* \* \* \*



Relax—relent ! thou swelling sail !  
 Spare me a moment's thought of her !  
 O, how my senses faint and fail  
 As memory's star-light shades recur.

I ask not hours to throb and thrill  
 With sweet remembrance, sad and wild,  
 The sickness of my soul would kill  
 Ere I could dwell on passion foiled.

I ask but one last murdered look,  
 One glance of that o'ershadowed spot,  
 Where love his purple pinions shook,  
 Where all I valued was—is not !

Thou cliff ! from whose aerial brow  
 My wild eye drank her sylphic form,  
 Oh ! keep the soul-beams on thee now,  
 Through sunny days, and nights of storm !

And hear the wailing tones that swell  
 Above thy cloud-capt, azure height ;  
 They ring a spirit's funeral knell ;  
 They issue from sepulchral night.

Farewell ! I ne'er shall gaze again  
 On mansion, cliff, or stream, or tree,  
 Where centres bliss, converges pain,  
 And wails the lyre of agony !

\* \* \* \* \*

A light gleams from yon casement high,  
 And sparkles in my tearful gaze,—  
 Oh ! 'tis the lattice meets my eye,  
 Where love threw flowers 'mid rapture's rays.

And 'tis her hand that waves the light,  
 For me ? Ah, no ! fierce madness tells

She waits the dalliance fond to-night  
Of—how my bosom pants and swells!

I will not think—I'll plunge afar  
Beneath the ocean's booming wave,  
Where shines nor sun, nor moon, nor star,  
Where the dead throng, and demons rave—

Ere I will speak the hated name  
Of him who, fiend-like, stole my love ;  
Hell's banded demons better claim  
As brothers, and their deeds approve !

But her—alas! I cannot feel  
One haughty pulse, one hating thought ;  
My heart will ever basely kneel  
Before the shrine my passion wrought ;

And I shall stoop to dream of one  
Who ne'er will think nor care for me,  
And madly trace, when all undone,  
The textured toils of destiny.

Memory will sit beneath the shade  
Of sorrow's poison-dropping tree,  
And, as the forms of misery fade,  
People with fiends immensity.

Oh! that her lips would breathe a curse  
O'er every step of life's wild track,  
That I might ban the universe,  
And hurl my proud defiance back !

Then I would ride the lightning's wing,  
And catch the vollied bolts of heaven,  
'Mid hurricane in triumph sing,  
And shout and yell where they had riven.

And I would brave their maddest power,  
 Echo their echoes o'er the sky,  
 And in destruction's whelming hour  
 Forget my bosom's agony.

But ah ! it will not—cannot be !  
 Time, fate, chance, foe have done their worst !  
 Earth, ocean, air, are nought to me—  
 Oh ! that my panting heart would burst !

Who—who can bear a rapier smile ?  
 A kiss that dooms *the soul* to death ?  
 The anguish of illuding guile ?  
 The nectar upas of the breath ?

I—I *will* bear it—fierce and high,  
 Nor stamp my brow with characters  
 Each pitying fool can read, and sigh  
 In grief of scorn for him who bears.

Good Night, ye vales, and hills so fair !  
 I love to hold converse with you,  
 She claims no parting but despair,  
 Nature still wins a fond—Adieu !



### THANKSGIVING ODE.

When young Time sung in Eden's bower,  
 And angels echoed back his strain,  
 Ere sin mildewed each morning flower  
 Of hope, and pleasure died in pain,  
 Each love-winged thought that rose on high  
 Was man's melodious prayer of praise,  
 And happy hearts threw o'er the sky  
 Blessings, as flowed the sun-waved days,  
 While Heaven benignly smiled and breathed the grateful lays.



No seasons, then, by power assigned,  
 Restricted songs of gratitude,  
 For man's pure heart and pious mind  
 Cherished no thoughts but those of good ;  
 But, his high spirit higher soaring,  
 He knowledge bought, and was unblest ;  
 And, when he should have been adoring,  
 Lost Eden—love's abode of rest,  
 And wandered forth o'er earth, an exile sore distressed.

There was a jubilee in Heaven,  
 When man to being sprung, and raised  
 His soul in praise for blessings given,  
 The image of the GOD he praised ;  
 And there are songs of glory swelling  
 O'er Heaven, e'en in these sinning days,  
 When man laments his long-lost dwelling,  
 Yet for earth's joys chants hymns of praise,  
 And sings in Eden's speech, though o'er to Eden's ways.

For sunny skies and balmy showers,  
 And mellow airs, diffusing health,  
 And bloomy meads and dales of flowers,  
 And fields of beauty rife with wealth,  
 And verdured vales and wooded hills,  
 And Plenty smiling o'er each home,  
 Which rose-lipped Love with odour fills,  
 And sweet Content, who scorns to roam ;  
 For blessings such as these, let glad Thanksgiving come.

No pestilence hath stalked abroad,  
 And thrown o'er bliss the funeral pall ;  
 No sword of crime-avenging GOD  
 Hath marred man's toil-won festival ;  
 His earthquake voice hath not been heard  
 Amid the cheerful mirth of life ;  
 But his breeze-wafted smile hath stirred  
 Softly the groves with perfume rife,  
 And blessed again the man who flies soul-jarring strife.

Pole-Star of Freedom's starry sky !  
 O Maine ! fair daughter of the North !  
 Awake thy harp of melody,  
 And, holy Priestess, go thou forth  
 With voice of praise o'er Freedom's land,  
 And bid her happy sons revere  
 The memory of that hallowed band,  
 Who bowed to Heaven in forest drear,  
 And blessed the Almighty One, whose blessing dried each tear,

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### VIGILS.

Thou wert, my sister ! sinless love ! Thou art not now ! Alone  
 I wander sadly far from scenes we loved to call our own,  
 And often breathe a sobbing sigh, and shed a bleeding tear,  
 When, mingling with the icy world, I think of blisses dear.

Thou wert a sun to light my heart when sadness on it hung,  
 And plaintive, pure, and holy were the songs thy spirit sung ;  
 Thy dove-like bosom throbbed with love, so gentle, deep and fond,  
 That still it dews my burning heart though thou art far beyond

The scenes we trod, the groves we loved, and thy lone brother's view,  
 For heaven and earth are linked by love, so feeling and so true.  
 Sweet sainted shade ! how happy had thy brother's pathway been  
 If thy soft smile had cheered his soul in many a gloomy scene !

But thou art gone, and I am left alone upon the earth,  
 A cloud amid the sunny forms of life—but of their worth  
 Or beauty, wit or wisdom, I know nought nor wish to know,  
 They pass, I see them not—they speak, but know not of my woe.

They flaunt along in robes so rich, and talk in tones so gay,  
 And plume their hearts so much on earth—poor insects of a day !  
 That I can feel no love for them, though fair and fond they be,  
 Since thou art gone, and I must go, to far eternity.

Oh ! many a year hath fled afar, ~~since~~ thou wert with me, love !  
 And by my side did'st walk and sing along the elmy grove,  
 And turn thy soft blue eye to mine, and lay thy head upon  
 My love-lit breast and look so fond—and now I'm all alone !

The melancholy moon so dim, the attracting orb of woe;  
 I view and think on all thy smiles, thy tears, thy words below,  
 And then it seems so strange that old and soulless forms should be  
 Sepulchral shadows o'er the world, and thou so far from me !

Where art thou, sister, *where* ? I know they tell us heaven's above,  
 And that it is a holy place—the scene of joy and love ;  
 But where, oh ! where is that dear spot in yon celestial sky  
*Thou* dwell'st upon ? O point it out to my long searching eye !

And I will sit the livelong night and gaze upon that p'ace,  
 Where thou dost dwell and sing of love and heaven's ethereal grace ;  
 And I will think thou dost behold thy brother's form below,  
 And smil'st upon his gloomy soul, and that will soothe my woe.

Can'st thou not tell me how they live, the spirits of the sky,  
 And where we go and what we feel when earthly bodies die ?  
 And wilt thou not, my sister love ! when I am sad and lone,  
 Descend upon my brooding soul and tell me *where* thou'rt gone ?

The air's so pure that comes from heaven, the skies around so bright,  
 And all above so holy, it must be of dear delight  
 The mansion, and the place where He ascended to prepare  
 A palace for the wanderer—a refuge from despair.

And thou art there, in glory, love ! and I in woe am here ;  
 And thou dost shed a radiant smile, and I a bitter tear ;  
 But thou art happy, and I feel that while I live below,  
 To think that thou art free from sin, will calm my ceaseless woe !

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## FAME.

To gain a name, and be the thing the world  
 Mimics and mocks, delights in and deludes,  
 Dooms to despair, and destines for the fane  
 Of fame ; to feel the butterflies of earth  
 Sucking the essence of almighty thought,  
 To sate and gorge themselves withal ;—to be  
 The vassal camel of a mental waste  
 Toiling for things detestable, who love  
 To goad with gilded lances creatures formed  
 To elevate their honor, and to hear  
 Groans wrung from bleeding hearts :—to toil and sigh  
 'Mid vigils of strained thought, and feel the breath  
 Of waking nature stealing o'er the fires  
 Of the hot brain, and hear the morning air  
 Chant matin minstrelsy to hopeless woe,  
 Mocking the spirit's ear ; to look abroad  
 O'er earth and heaven, and weave in sunny web  
 Thoughts pure and delicate, conceptions high,  
 Creations glorious, and fancies rich,  
 Threads spun in paradise and knit and linked  
 By magic skill of mighty intellect ;—  
 To think, toil, fancy thus, and yet to know  
 That we but frame an Eden for base worms,  
 Serpents of venom, reptiles foul, and things  
 Beneath all name—'tis vile, oh, very vile !

\* \* \* \* \*

And then the cold neglect, the stinging scorn,  
 The maddening look of pity, and the sneer  
 That calls itself a smile ; the taunting speech  
 That words its malice in fair compliment  
 To aggravate its bitterness ; the eye  
 Whose earth-bent gaze doth seem to scorn and laugh  
 At what the curl'd lip utters ; the oblique leer  
 Of galling envy, telling standers-by  
 That its approval is the baited barb  
 Which all confiding genius swallows down,  
 To its own ruin ! These are only part

Of what the votary of living fame -  
 E'er silently endures!—His ocean-thought  
 Commingles with the universe, and rolls  
 In tides sublime along the eternal shore,  
 Its billows swelling amid worlds of light  
 And sounding immortality! Around  
 Floats music most seraphic, and above  
 Ascend the jewelled battlements of heaven,  
 Warded by spirits of the sun—below—  
 Alas! the cold re-acting waves return  
 Mournfully to earth, and lose their rich  
 Music and brightness in the oozy marsh  
 And slimy pools of folly, vice and sin.

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### THE SPIRIT.

The spirit cannot die; it must dilate  
 Eternally, and be a vital part  
 Of everlasting ages—knitted close  
 To absolute infinity and linked  
 With the immensity of fate—'tis just  
 It should be deathless, for its plastic powers  
 No limit know nor bound, e'er shining through  
 Creation like the sun; but, oh, the heart  
 Will prey upon its energies and prove  
 A mountain on its wings, for subtle thought  
 Is but the slave of feeling, and the soul  
 Will languish when the bosom aches and be  
 The vassal of locality, depressed  
 By poor contingencies and habitudes.  
 The desecration is most vile and yet  
 Life's feeble purposes demand the use  
 Of powers almost angelic, for the soul  
 Is like the sun, though stationed in the skies,

It must look down on earth and light alike  
 Things beautiful and loathsome. Be it so!  
 Shall man be querulous and dare impugn  
 What Deity hath warranted and done?

Spirits of greatness have human form  
 And feature, like the veriest thing that gropes  
 And grovels in base idiocy; they pass  
 Before the world as other mortal shapes,  
 And though the eye may beam unusually,  
 The brow wear deeper lines of thought intense  
 Than others, and the glow and gloom of hope,  
 The sunlight and the darkness of the soul  
 Vary the changeful feature, and the tread  
 Be more unequal and the outward bearing  
 More plainly intellectual than the step  
 And look of the great mass, yet deeply dwells,  
 Unseen, impalpable, the living beam  
 Of star-eyed light that issued from the sun  
 Of the Divinity; and, unbeheld  
 By creatures of most ordinary note,  
 Beings pass by in silence or they stand  
 Apart, in general estimation thought  
 Of minor consequence, on vacant air  
 Dwelling or veiling their soul-beaming eyes  
 From things external, that the soul may close  
 The portals of its palace and retire  
 To holy counsel with itself—who are  
 More fitting glory and would wear the robes  
 Of angels more to nature than the shapes  
 Mortality has burdened them withal.

Such Spirits fill the universe—they live  
 In the blue ether and their dwelling-place  
 Is the immensity above; they sit  
 Upon the thrones of angels in the stars  
 And hold converse with them when gentle night  
 The gay earth canopies and nature folds

Her moonlight drapery round her and lies down  
 By bright Hyperion's side to bridal sleep.  
 This world of sin they labour to forget  
 And all its crimes and woes, and they become  
 Associates with the blest in pure desires  
 And feelings holy ; and they love to tread  
 The verge of paradise though mortal yet,  
 Seeking to know the loves that blossom there,  
 The joys that never fade in those bright fields,  
 The thoughts of bliss expanding ever through  
 The pauseless ages of unceasing love.  
 Such spirits find no thoughts reciprocal  
 In earthly beings; none can estimate  
 Their greatness rightly; none can feel the same  
 Dissolving and absorption of all powers  
 In soft elysian visionry—they live  
 Alone, star-beams round the sun-throne of GOD !

The sovereign eagle ever dwells alone  
 In solitary majesty, and waves  
 His mighty wings in air unbreathed by thing  
 Of lowlier nature ; and the lion walks  
 The wilderness companionless, and holds  
 No converse with the creatures that surround  
 His monarch pathway ; so the angel soul,  
 The seraph spirit lives in loneliness  
 Proud and unbending, and its solitude  
 Becomes its empire where it reigns fore'er  
 In might and majesty.—But when 't is chained  
 Down in the world's cold dungeon, and is mocked  
 By gazing folly and unholy guile,  
 And taunted by the reptile hordes around,  
 Madness springs up within the brain and flares  
 In deadly fury from the eye and whelms  
 The spirit prostrate which could be subdued  
 Only by its own potent strength ;—the high  
 Aspiring intellect doth spurn the poor  
 Malice of insect nothingness and lives

Or dies only because *it* wills it so.  
 The boundless universe with all its worlds  
 Of stars and suns is but a narrow path  
 For the immortal spirit ; one bright glance  
 Of the soul's eye pervades all space and lies  
 Beyond the farthest reckoning of the sage  
 Who reads the heavens ; the winged thought sublime  
 Wanders unresting through creation's worlds  
 And searches all their glorious beauties, till  
 Yet unsatisfied, it would rove through realms  
 E'en angels know not of, when some keen pang,  
 O'erwhelming want or weakness murders thought,  
 And brings the almighty spirit down to earth,  
 And all its chilling woe and bitterness.

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### THE DEATH OF TIME.

There was delight among the unconscious sons  
 Of Earth when dew-lipped Eve upon the sky  
 In virgin beauty stood and bade adieu  
 To the Sun-Spirit as his crimson wings  
 In the far distance waved like gossamer ;  
 And there was gladness in the look she threw  
 Into the blue infinitude to watch  
 The latest beam of day ; and, when she turned  
 Her twilight glance upon this world, and spread  
 Her dusky veil o'er nature, there was love  
 In her ethereal attitude, and joy,  
 That had its being in sweet innocence,  
 Illumed her melting features winningly.  
 But Earth's gay inhabitants beheld the beams  
 Of Uriel's eye slow fading, and the soft  
 Dimness of eve condensing into night,  
 With feelings unallied to holiness

Or breathing of the pure serenity,  
 That flowed from all things ; on false pleasures bent  
 Of sense, they waited but the closing night  
 To veil their gaiety and mirth and crime.

But Night, at man's unholy madness wroth,  
 And startled at his wassailry, arose  
 From her dark couch and shrieked so fearfully  
 To heaven that angels on each other gazed  
 In deep astonishment, for sinners chained  
 In hell ne'er framed a cry so piercing ; looks  
 Of doubt and trouble passed ere tortured Night  
 Creation's guardians saw ; but then she raised  
 Her thousand voices and invoked the Lord  
 Of All that Time might be no more ! A voice  
 From heaven's eternal throne of light came forth  
 And angels echoed—" Time shall be no more !"   
 Then portent stillness stretched her leaden wings  
 Immovably o'er earth and nature slept  
 In deathful slumbers, save a startling moan  
 Involuntary ever and anon,  
 When the lascivious song of godless mirth  
 And the loud shout of revel rose and went  
 Forth, the dread witnesses of sin and crime.  
 The stars looked down and wept, and whispers stole  
 Along the firmament from each to each,  
 Communicating doom, while man's seared eye,  
 From which the spirit had retired in shame,  
 Read nought but peacefulness and pardon full  
 For all his vileness in the arching sky.

Morn leapt upon the mountains, but the light  
 Was gory crimson, and the lurid vault  
 Seemed panting while the day-break airs went by.  
 No lyric voice was heard ; the loveliest birds  
 By pairs sat mutely on the trees, nor moved  
 Though the green leaves, all crumbled into dust,  
 Dropped o'er them rapidly ; the wondering herds  
 Wandered unresting o'er the ground and roared

With pain, for the hot earth by inward fires  
 Was fast consuming; the fell reptiles hissed  
 Distractingly and thrust their venom'd fangs  
 Against their rocky dens till their last joy,  
 The woe of man, was gone, and their fierce pain  
 Augmented by the act that meant relief;  
 The finny clans of ocean rose and spread  
 Upon its surface to escape the steam  
 Of its wide boiling billows, and the loud  
 Flapping of tortured bodies numberless  
 Frothed o'er the waters for a thousand leagues.  
 All nature was in agony—save man!  
 He slept amid the wailings and the shrieks  
 Of things to whom eternity was nothing.  
 What sound will wake the sleeper? Hark!—'tis nought.

'Mid volumes of dark vapour rose the Sun  
 Affrightingly effulgent, and his glare  
 Changed the dun concave to a sea of blood.  
 The World reeled to and fro and things of life  
 Gasp'd sobbingly for breath in the thick air.  
 Beneath day's baleful gleam rocks melted down  
 And mountains into lava seas—woods fell  
 And crumbled instantly to earth—fierce flames  
 Drank up the hissing streams and the hot ground  
 Rung with a hollow moan. Where—where was man?  
 Slumbering! What sound will wake the sleeper? Hark!

Creation, wake! it is the knell of Time!  
 Attend his burial in Eternity!  
 There sounds the Archangel's clarion! The skies  
 Roll rapidly away; the Sun hath gone  
 Down the abyss of chaos; demons throng  
 The gulf o'er which the world reels fearfully.  
 That fiendish laugh, oh, hear it!—See! the Earth,  
 The very dying Earth doth rise and shriek  
 As trembling with the dread that hell hath ta'en  
 Possession of her beautiful domains.  
 Darkness becomes material, and throngs

Of waking wretches grasp its stinging folds  
 With the tenacity of utter woe,  
 And, though their hearts are bursting, still they cling  
 'Till their frames mingle with the hell-fold night  
 And they are changed to demons!—Light as pure  
 As Him from whom it issues burns above,  
 And songs of glory echo yells of pain.

With one deep, hollow, rending groan the Earth  
 Dissolved and fell in fiery particles  
 Through the dense darkness of chaotic worlds;  
 And 'mid the horror-palsied multitudes  
 The fiends passed with infernal laughter while  
 Unutterable thoughts of bitter woe  
 Thronged many a burning brain and quivering lips  
 Strove vainly words of prayer to frame and tongues,  
 Erst eloquent coadjutors of thought,  
 Hung agonizing down till they became  
 Serpents, and fastened on each passer-by  
 Convulsively, and desperate bands there stood  
 Close woven to each other's agony,  
 Yet every moment aggravating pain  
 General by private instances of spite.  
 Time hurried to a resting-place to die,  
 And as he hastened on, prepared to leave  
 His mission; Death's keen scythe he downward threw,  
 And, flashing in hell's fires, its piercing edge  
 Was ever o'er the suffering sinners' heads,  
 Menacing vengeance yet protracting dread;  
 The glass, that numbered hours, now poured its sands  
 By centuries and 'mid a meteor's glare  
 Above, he hung it awfully distinct  
 To eyes that wept their owners' bosom blood,  
 And, when they asked the close of their fierce pain,  
 A vivid flame flashed upward and displayed  
 ETERNITY!—Then Time fell down and died.  
 But as he fell, amid the awful scenes  
 Of horror and despair, I saw two forms  
 Beautiful celestially bend o'er the verge  
 Of billowy chaos with a look of woe



And agony, and then in fond embrace  
 Rise upward joyously ; a deadly moan  
 Went through the universe as fleet they fled,  
 For they were Love and Innocence !

---

### EVENING.

The crimson waves of undulating light  
 Are blending with the azure sea of Heaven,  
 In the sublimity of beauty, while  
 The softest, sweetest, balmiest breath of eve  
 Fans fleecy clouds with fragrance as along  
 The sky's blue arch they sail, like angel wings  
 O'er Lebanon and Olivet ; and far  
 In the cerulean ether soar the birds  
 Of heaven in joyance such as if they felt  
 The all-pervading holiness, and knew  
 The Deity who rules the universe.  
 The whispering breeze amid the twinkling leaves,  
 That dance to Zephyr's song, speaks gently sweet  
 In answer to the voice of waters far  
 Warbling along their pebbled path, beneath  
 The purpling light, which shadows out the trees,  
 And hills, and rocks, so mirror-like, that eye  
 Of wandering solitary could trace the form,  
 Being and nature of each object there.  
 The mountain's brow is crowned with glory—wreaths  
 Of purest radiance circle every tree,  
 And shrub, and low bush there ; while far below  
 In the rock-barred ravine, no lonely ray  
 Wanders amid the gloom. The scene is like  
 The sun-browed thought of rapture, soaring high  
 In intellectual majesty, and full  
 Of holiest emotions, while it wings  
 Its flight through realms empyreal, and then  
 Drooping and falling lifeless on the dark,

Unholy, false and melancholy earth.  
 Hills feathered with their shrubbery redolent,  
 And cliffs with moss and lichens robed, and boughs  
 Of loftiest trees adorned with blushing flowers,  
 Jasmines, lianas and all woodland vines,  
 High precipices, rough and bare as when  
 The rocking earthquake left them—ail are shown  
 In mimic beauty, like reality,  
 Upon the mirror by which nature decks  
 Her lovely form—yon little sleeping lake.  
 The latest beam of evening slumbers now  
 Upon the crystal waters, and I see  
 A world within the azure depth, so pure,  
 So full of happy peacefulness, I long  
 To plunge and seek out pleasure there, and dwell  
 In that sweet home of waters, ever mid  
 The best of friends—woods, rocks and silver waves,  
 Whose speaking silence innocently tells  
 All I can feel of pure beatitude.  
 But woe loves loveliest things, and I might find  
 Sorrow there even, were it as it seems,  
 And not a mockery as 'tis!—The soft,  
 Love-breathing vesper breeze plays o'er the smooth  
 Expanse delightfully, and curls and crimps  
 And crinkles the blue waves, while autumn dew  
 Wets the green leaves that have o'ercanopied  
 The lake the live-long day, untouched by drop  
 Of its serenest waters—oh, how sweet  
 Is nature's quietude! the lulling lapse  
 Of purling brook through vales of verdure rich,  
 And generous of their richness, and the sound  
 Most musical of down-winged winds, are songs  
 Of gladness she doth ever raise to Heaven,  
 In gratitude of still devotion; all  
 Her votaries are fond of gentle thoughts,  
 And pure desires, and high imaginings,  
 And noblest aspirations, seeking out  
 A dwelling far from turbulence and strife,  
 And noise, and folly, and corrupting sin.  
 Nature doth teach her lessons in a tongue

All can enjoy ; and what she teaches none  
 Of saints and sages past could imitate.  
 There is a pure divinity, unwarped  
 By damning creed or dogma stern, in all  
 Her sacred teachings, and a holy voice  
 Of loftiest wisdom rises from the depth  
 Of her most silent solitude to teach  
 And counsel her infatuated sons,  
 In everlasting faithfulness—'twere well  
 Man weened and recked of her advisings more.

Night's star-winged angels in the firmament  
 Are setting watch, and hastily they come  
 Forth in the blue concave, like the fond hopes  
 Of young desire o'er the unwounded heart.  
 Faintly the dying light of day illumines  
 The western horizon, and shadows flit  
 O'er grove and dale and stream and hill alike,  
 For every object here is beautiful,  
 And worthy such rich robes of light and shade.  
 Oh, that each scene yon everlasting sun  
 Lightens, were worthy his celestial beams !  
 On feudal towers and castles, where the groans  
 Of death and bondage worse than death have rung  
 Through dungeon vaults, till every echoed tread,  
 For centuries, awoke despairing cries,  
 And voices of wild agony ; on mosque,  
 Whose shrine's deep font is filled with blood for rite-  
 Baptismal, and where muftis tell of joys  
 Sensual and hellish, as pure delights  
 Of after-being in man's paradise ;  
 On palaces of pomp and crime, and huts,  
 Whose inmates gnaw a crust, and bless the hand  
 That gave it ; on despair and hope, delight  
 And anguish, tumult, peace, and purposes  
 Of noblest pride and meannesses most vile ;  
 On all things dreadful, sweet, detestable,  
 Beautiful and loathsome, thy beams alike  
 Shine, fire-robed lord of heaven ! and if from thee

Alone man images thy Maker, how  
 Impartially beneficent he is !  
 The faintest blushing of departed day  
 Hath gone, and russet mantled night glides o'er  
 The eternal hills, as softly as the young  
 Mother trips round the cradle of her child.  
 Oh, that I could divest myself of life  
 Corporeal, and leaving this poor load  
 Of clay to mingle with its kindred earth,  
 Imbibe an elemental being—live  
 In the blue ether and float joyously  
 Through realms of upper air and feast my soul  
 On sun-beams ! It were godlike fate to dwell  
 Amid the unbounded universe and be  
 A star or moon-beam, on which angels light  
 In their ethereal wanderings, and chant  
 Empyrean songs. The infinite desire  
 Of such celestial fate doth swell my heart,  
 And amplify my spirit to the embrace  
 Of thoughts immeasurable—feelings so  
 Tremblingly glorious, I would not pause  
 For one farewell if I could rise and be  
 The merest part of those most holy beams  
 Whose radiance now gleams o'er another sphere.  
 Alas ! the bitter, false, ungrateful world  
 Doth class me with her multitudes ; and 'mid  
 The sinning and the sorrowing, the vile,  
 The mean, the wretched, and the grovelling, still  
 Must be my dwelling-place. I loathe and hate,  
 Avoid and dread the stinging viper brood  
 That crawl around ; and were I one like them,  
 I would seek out a midnight den to hide  
 My person from the sun. O mother Earth !  
 Beautiful daughter of the Spirit-Sire !  
 Thou wert a paradise, till man, the fiend,  
 Changed thee to hell by his all-nameless deeds.

## THE DREAM.

Upon the rainbow's prisms pinions,  
 When soul was young and airy,  
 And dancing o'er the pale-blue sky,  
 A wild-tressed little Fairy,  
 In azure robes bedecked with gold,  
 Came smiling on my eye,  
 And breathing o'er my loveliest heart  
 The odours of the sky.

Around her thronged aerial shapes,  
 On her wild eye-beam sailing,  
 And other forms in sapphic notes  
 Among the Pleiads hailing,  
 While wavy music, floating far,  
 Embalmed each hallowed feeling,  
 And the heart's voice in thrilling notes  
 On the soul's ear was stealing.

Rapture behind the Fairy stood,  
 And rolled his sun-beam eye,  
 And, as he swept his angel lyre,  
 The everlasting sky  
 Its golden waves of ether threw  
 Along his swelling brow,  
 And heavenly choirs their music poured  
 Enchantingly below.

Soft Pleasure twined the Fairy's locks  
 Around her silver wires,  
 And Echo languished meltingly,  
 While all the fond desires  
 Came dancing from the palmy isles  
 Of rich Hesperides,  
 To wanton in the amber waves  
 Of music's sounding seas.

The Fairy sat on rainbow throne,  
 Amid her lovely train,

And as I, spell-bound, ~~glazed~~ on high,  
 I heard a seraph strain;  
 It bore my spirit on its wing  
 To realms by man unseen,  
 And paradise enraptured lay  
 Heaven's pillared fanes between.

'Twas Psyche's song, the Fairy's voice,  
 And Eden's angel lyre,  
 And every holy strain it tuned  
 Did thrilling love inspire;  
 Transparent on full many a brow  
 The mighty spirit shone,  
 And rapt Devotion bowed and knelt  
 Before the rainbow throne.

The strain was past—another rose,  
 But trembling, trilling, low;  
 Its notes seemed deep, but unexpressed,  
 And sweet but full of woe;  
 'Twas Eden's lyre I heard, but touched  
 By Doubt's distrusting hand,  
 And tears were shed and sorrow reigned  
 'Mid all the astonished band.

The music then came mournfully,  
 Like panting evening breeze,  
 And light shone forth like moon beams wan  
 Amid lone willow trees,  
 And hearts dissolved in pity's tears  
 At Grief's regretful strain,  
 While star-winged angels bent from heaven,  
 And sadly sung again.

My melting eye in sorrow's dew  
 Lost vision for a time,  
 But, when I raised its look again,  
 A Shape in gloom sublime

Was scattering wide the rainbow throne,  
 And stamping on the lyre,  
 And darting from his meteor eye  
 A wild and wasting fire.

A sable host with eyes of guilt  
 Pursued his desert way,  
 And lightning flared and thunder crashed,  
 But, fiercer still than they,  
 Despair went on in fiery gloom  
 Through realms once fair afar,  
 And Hope, the Fairy's shrieks were heard  
 Amid the ruthless war.

The sunbow bright I stood upon  
 In other distant sphere  
 Dissolved and midnight's fading dream  
 Disclosed no cause of fear;  
 But yet, methought, the spirit's lyre  
 Will echo music only  
 Unto the spirit's magic touch  
 Ere sorrow leaves it lonely.

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### ADIO.

Farewell! the Hope that led me on  
 Was sorrow's orphan child,  
 And thou may'st think, when I am gone,  
 That, though my love was wild,  
 I did but seek a home for one  
 To whom Despair was brother,  
 And prayed that thou would'st kindness own,  
 Since he desired no other.

But thou didst kiss the wandering child,  
 And fold him to thy heart,  
 And, when of all his sweets beguiled,  
 Thou bad'st the boy depart ;  
 Oh ! hadst thou never, never smiled  
 Upon his vows of love,  
 His life away had not been whiled  
 'Mid passion's dreamy grove.

Young Hope had lived in orphanage  
 His childhood's wandering hours,  
 But he for fair creation's page  
 Had culled celestial flowers ;  
 And, than the scenes that did engage  
 His earlier thought, his mind  
 Was purer at his infant age,  
 More gentle and refined.

Farewell ! Young Hope his mournful tale  
 Hath eloquently told thee,  
 And thou hast heard his requiem wail  
 From those who madly sold thee ;  
 'Tis long, since died the orphan pale,  
 And he hath gone forever,  
 But he charged Love when life did fail—  
 " Forsake her not—no, never !"

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### MIDNIGHT.

To sit beneath the moon's translucent beam,  
 And drink her light with melancholy eye ;  
 To hear the music of the bubbling stream,  
 And read the star-lit volumes of the sky ;  
 To muse on blighted loves and hopes gone by,  
 E'en as the moonlight shadows flit away,  
 And wander o'er the land of memory,  
 And count the pangs of each succeeding day—  
 Alas ! the tale is sad—more sad the picturing lay,



But 'tis the hour of retrospective thought,  
 When all the past before us lives again ;  
 And loves and pleasures with contentment bought  
 Return upon us like the shapes of pain ;  
 And Homer's gay song and Fancy's syren strain  
 Come with a requiem echo on the soul ;  
 And dead desires, a shadowy, spectral train,  
 The pang-wait record of their fate unroll,  
 And agonize the heart that owned their wild control.

The pale, pure moon looks innocently down  
 Upon this warring world, with such a smile  
 Of soft derision as her eye may own ;  
 And, as she passes many a starry isle,  
 Pauses to weep at deeds that do defile  
 The lovely earth, and change its young delights  
 To agonies—and angels sigh the while  
 That man doth desecrate those glorious nights,  
 When heaven's gem-studded arch refracts seraphic lights.

The silver stream of Dian's pearly rays  
 Flows o'er this world of crime and sin and war,  
 As erst it did in young creation's days,  
 Ere fiend-like passion could the beauty mar  
 Of thought and feeling, and each lovely star  
 Gilds smiling scenes of love and loveliness  
 With the same diamond beams as when from far  
 It looked on Eden, and the soft caress  
 Of innocence beheld its holy joys express.

The world is beautiful ; the azure arch  
 Is paved with gems for angels' gliding tread,  
 And, when their starry plumes wave back in march,  
 Delicious music, through the concave spread,  
 Floats round the sleeper's softly pillowed head,  
 And dreams of glory o'er his spirit throws ;  
 And lovely nature, by devotion led,  
 Like Iran's nightingale beside the rose,  
 On young, untainted spirits holiness bestows.

Holy, delightful and unchanging, Heaven,  
 On sin and sorrow and vicissitude  
 Gazes with grief and pity that 'tis given  
 Man the strange will of his own studied good  
 To be the foe, and kill in sullen mood  
 The rosy hopes that cost him pain to rear;  
 And white-haired time, while wrath doth deeply brood  
 O'er wrong and its atonement, smiles to hear  
 The deep-laid schemes of hate, whose fruit cannot appear.

But 'tis the nature of aspiring man  
 To mourn, to sigh, and word in maddened speech  
 His wrongs and sorrows; what his pride began  
 His hate will finish; what his passions teach  
 His deeds will reverence, till beyond the reach  
 Of rivalry his spirit soars and bears  
 Its honors o'er his fellows; each from each  
 Of mortal kind his loves, desires and fears  
 Borrows—and 'tis not strange the debt is paid in tears.

The varied brilliance of the chequered beams  
 Falling on stream, grove, rock, and mountain dell,  
 Are like the spirit's momentary gleams  
 Of holy loveliness when upward swell  
 Feelings too raptured their delight to tell,  
 And loves too sweet their sweetness to unfold,  
 That dwell a moment—when the night of hell  
 Comes o'er their beauty, and the shuddering cold  
 Of anguish unrepressed chills hopes too soon unrolled.

The moonlight radiance of the sapphire sky  
 Engenders shadows o'er the dark-robed earth,  
 As the bright gleamings of hope's diamond eye  
 Throw shades o'er all the phantoms of her birth;  
 The undying light of undissembling worth  
 Derives its beauty from the darkness drear  
 It round illumines; and man wanders forth  
 Alone, the hermit of a desert sphere,  
 To read the fitting lights and shadows that appear.

What is philosophy but abstract thought  
 On never-ending sin and woe and crime,  
 Meting by method all the sorrows bought  
 By wearying years, and classifying time  
 In portions of despair? Howe'er sublime  
 Its contemplations are, disease and want  
 And grief in generation each and clime  
 The nutriment on which it banquets grant,  
 And serve to elevate the soul they erst did daunt.

The world is full of wretchedness, and while  
 The moralizing man doth weep and sigh  
 At sin's foul leprosy, a sneering smile  
 Curles the proud lip and flashes from the eye  
 Of him who cries that none can ever die  
 Save unto pleasure; that the spirit rose  
 From dust and thither will return; on high  
 Clouds only roll—we make and nurse our woes—  
 And death brings dreamless sleep, and deep, unwoke repose.

The argent moon-ray, darting through the dense  
 Cloud of green foliage in yon ravine  
 Of darkness, doth not to the view dispense  
 More sombre hues, than mortal mind, I ween,  
 Throws o'er of moral life each changeful scene;  
 Nor doth the struggling, fluctuating light  
 More darkly bright the dripping cliffs between  
 Appear, than dying hopes of poor delight  
 Glimmering amid the shades of sorrow's mornless night.

Alone beneath the starry eyes of Heaven  
 I sit upon the cold rock's moonlit brow,  
 For while soft slumbers to the world are given,  
 Unpitying grief will none to me allow;  
 The rushing rill's unceasing lapse and flow,  
 The twinkling forest where night zephyr sings,  
 Beseem the voiceless solitude of woe;  
 And thought that maddens, and despair that wrings,  
 Can find relief alone beside the woodland springs.

## MUSINGS.

The youthful heart is heir to wealth  
 That years can never tell;  
 The youthful soul does deeds by stealth  
 That might in triumph swell—  
 The thought that tunes a generous mind  
 Oft dies upon the wing,  
 And bosoms feeling, fond and kind,  
 Writhe oft 'neath torture's sting.

Gay hope, the night-fire of the brain,  
 Allures the heart to woe  
 With beams, that pleasure lends to pain  
 This faithless world to show;  
 And we are sped on life's lone way  
 By gilded goading spears,  
 While fitting fancy's meteor ray  
 Emblazons misery's tears.

The deepest woes we feel below,  
 The wildest throes of pain,  
 From our own fond illusions flow,  
 When sanguine passions reign;  
 For guileful flattery soothes the heart  
 That malice turns to sting,  
 And love, full oft, o'er ruin's dart  
 Its vermeil veil will fling.

Anticipations ever glow  
 In self-delusion's light,  
 While sorrow's tear and misery's throe  
 Sublime the heart's delight;  
 As silver clouds in fleecy wreaths  
 A summer sunbeam shade,  
 When breezy music softly breathes  
 Along the waving glade.

Undimmed by time, the youthful eye  
 Sheds tears unchilled by all  
 Those wayward feuds, that burst the tie  
 Of love when envies call,  
 And in the rudely tilting world  
 Engender woe and strife,  
 When friendship from his seat is hurled,  
 And pride companions life.

Darkness, disease and doubt will blight  
 The fairest dreams of bliss,  
 And rapture plunge, in sorrow's night,  
 To agony's abyss;  
 The fairy frost-work of an hour  
 Decays in misery's flame,  
 And false and vain are pomp and power,  
 And fleeting as a name.

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### A REVERIE.

Morn wakes upon the mountain height,  
 And dim and duskily along  
 The woodland dale glides pensive night,  
 Listening to nature's matin song;  
 Her russet robes and tresses dark  
 Far floating o'er the pale-blue sky,  
 While arrow-like, the wild-wing'd lark  
 Fans heaven with joyous minstrelsy.

But why wakes man with drooping eye,  
 And burning brow, and heart of gloom?  
 Why comes no soothing melody  
 From his dark spirit's breathing tomb?  
 The bursting sigh, the pallid cheek,

The quivering voice, and look of care,  
 An unblest soul too loudly speak,  
 A heart enthroned by grim despair.

Morn's glories bring no joy to him,  
 Eve's vermil beauties fade unseen,  
 His hopes are gone, his eye is dim,  
 The present pictures what has been;  
 Life is a dream of wretchedness,  
 The world a prison barr'd by woe,  
 The earth a grave where myriads press,  
 And heaven a place that none can know.

Starting from visions, whose false light,  
 Like fire-flies round a cataract,  
 Deludes the wretch to endless night,  
 He hurries forth to feel the rack  
 Of ductile malice, and to tread  
 Among the snares of villain guile;  
 To sigh in doubt, and gaze in dread,  
 And fall beneath a dagger-smile.

The spirit that can span the skies,  
 And walk divinely realms above,  
 Is torn with sorrow, stung with lies,  
 And murdered by the fiends of love;  
 For angels oft their robes impart  
 To shroud a demon's venom'd thrust,  
 And 'tis the madness of the heart  
 That makes the world supremely curst.

The iron mantle, flung by grief  
 O'er bosoms scorched by lava tears,  
 The savage feeling, past relief,  
 That centres all the pain of years;  
 The wild-fire rush of boiling blood,  
 The thought that seems to burst the brain,  
 Conquer at last pride's hardihood,  
 And time, fate, life and death disdain.

Vain is the searching thought intense,  
 That struggles in the expanding mind,  
 And vainer still the joys of sense,  
 For hell and demons rush behind;  
 Gloomy 'mid mirth, in crowds alone,  
 Distrusting good, adopting ill,  
 Man is the thing he dares not own,  
 The victim of his own wild will.

Youth withers 'neath the blight of wrong,  
 And minds of mighty birth are doomed  
 To perish in convulsions strong,  
 And by earth's reptiles be entombed;  
 While, lanced by hatred's gory blade,  
 And probed by misery's venom'd steel,  
 The heavenliest hearts are naked laid  
 For vice to balm, and hell to heal.

A wanderer, seeking hope's pale ghost,  
 A shadow in the world's wide blaze,  
 In labyrinthine mazes lost  
 For blackening nights and midnight days,  
 Led by delusion, girt by woe,  
 Followed by horror and remorse,  
 Man could not render life below  
 More dreary, nor the world make worse.

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### THE BANQUET HALL.

Midnight waned in the ebon sky,  
 And the deep blue vault of Heaven was still,  
 Save the warning voice of the angel's cry,  
 As he watched the fiends on Zion hill.  
 His warder notes in the depths of night  
 Are heard alone by the minstrel's ear,

(For the high star-beam, as it gilds the sight,  
 Has a voice that fancy's soul may hear ;)  
 And the sleeping earth in silence lay,  
 Dreaming of love or hate or wo,  
 And the lulling lapse of a streamlet's play  
 Rose faint and far in the moonlight glow ;  
 And I wandered on in reverie lost,  
 'Till the brutal roar of a revel rout  
 The circling current of fancy crossed,  
 And made the waked sense gaze about ;  
 When the flaring lights of the banquet hall,  
 And the noisy rush of revelry,  
 And the mummerly mask, and sparkling ball,  
 Burst on my ear, and heart, and eye.  
 And I stood and mused of the forms that there  
 Displayed their charms to the losel's view,  
 And the visored smile that masked despair,  
 And the scornful laugh that ne'er was true ;  
 The silent pain of a dazzling breast,  
 The feverish throb of a jewelled brow,  
 The painful wish to seem most blest  
 When sighing with excess of wo ;—  
 And the sight did chill my aching eye  
 As I mused of that gaudy misery.

The joys that live in a faithful heart,  
 Devoted to Heaven and changeless love,  
 Were all unknown in that crowded mart,  
 Where pleasure's votaries torture prove—  
 The palled pursuit of joyless show,  
 The gay resort of gloomy souls,  
 Where truth would count the pulse of wo ;  
 Though truth her banner ne'er unroll  
 In such a masquerade of guile—  
 If each dared look beneath a smile.

The glare waxed dim as I gazed alone,  
 And the fairy forms I saw were gone ;  
 And the rushing sound of mirth and glee



Retired like the waves of a stormy sea.  
 What pillows of fear will the revellers press ?  
 What dreams be their's of happiness ?  
 When those gemmed robes are laid aside,  
 Where will their mirth be, pomp and pride ?  
 The beds that ye press, I envy not,  
 Nor your heartless joys and painful lot.

I entered at morn—and it came full soon,  
 To the banquet hall and the proud saloon ;  
 And many a vestige of revelry there  
 Told of past pleasure—but where, oh where,  
 Were the forms and the shadows, so bright and gay ?  
 Hide it from earth, both love and lay !  
 The vacant chair, and the goblet broken,  
 And scattered viands, were many a token  
 Of what had been—and my lonely eye  
 Wandered o'er all as a saddened sigh  
 Stole from my heart, at the mournful view  
 Of the wreck of those joys that man thinks true.

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### THE CHICAPEE.

On a moss-cushioned cliff o'er the stream of Montzeil,  
 Far away from the haunts of my loveliest days,  
 When the soft shades of evening in mellowness steal  
 O'er lawn, grove and lea amid zephyr's sweet lays,  
 And dewy-lipp'd naiads are scudding the stream,  
 While music is waving in their long sunny hair,  
 And sylph forms in moonlight, as they glide away, seem  
 Like the shapes that we lov'd in the lost days that were ;  
 O then, as the wave of Montzeil trickles on,  
 I muse of the hours that smiled brightly o'er me,  
 And I seem once again, with the youth that have gone  
 On the musical shores of the lone Chicapee.

Since the days of our childhood, when the heart was the throne  
 Of affection and feeling by malice unstung,  
 And the spirit aspiring developed in tone  
 Each young thought of beauty as brightly it sprung,  
 I have wandered afar from the home of my love,  
 And read the false world with the eye of despair,  
 While the green earth below, and the blue sky above  
 The pall of my sorrows seem'd ever to wear ;  
 And a pathway has teemed with the vipers of hate,  
 The insects of folly, and reptiles of scorn,  
 And the fierce voice of woe, and the wild shrieks of fate  
 Have echoed around me all lonely and lorn.

On the proud-rolling Hudson full oft I have sailed  
 With a father who sleeps in the dust by its shore,  
 By Savannah's dark stream I have wander'd and wailed  
 For the heart-enshrin'd friend who can guide me no more ;  
 Pawtuxet has lost all its charms and its hues,  
 For the youth, that once thronged its wild woods with me  
 Are scattered afar in their feelings and views,  
 Like the leaves of our bowering and revelling tree ;  
 Pale-blue Housatonic chimes the low dirge of love,  
 For Ellen no more tunes its music for me  
 But through the yet blooming and musical grove  
 Still lovingly soft flows the lone Chicapee.

On the green-sloping banks of that beautiful stream,  
 Thou slumber'st, my sister, in the sleep of the dead,  
 While zephyrs wave o'er thee, and bright planets beam,  
 And roses and violets perfume thy dark bed !  
 The birds of sweet voices are singing around,  
 And the willow I planted has grown far above  
 Thy grave, and the spot has become like the ground  
 That embraces no form of unspeakable love.  
 Yet I live in this world of deep sorrow alone,  
 And I hear those strange voices that tell me of thee,  
 While, mingling with crowds of bright beings, I moan  
 For a place by thy side on the lone Chicapee.

## RETROSPECTION.

Love of my sad and lonely Youth ! to thee  
 I bowed my spirit in deep ecstasy,  
 And when most thrall'd esteemed myself most free  
     From lowly earth's polluting stains,  
     And sorrow's self-engendered pains,

And all that saints mourn over and regret ;  
 For deep-felt passion purifies the heart,  
 And, when the signet of true love is set,  
 Sublime conception will its thought impart,  
     And noblest virtue ever sway  
     The joyous life from day to day.

Those holy hours of heavenly love we past  
 Their incense yet o'er life's lone path-way cast,  
 And through my being will their influence last,  
     Though, like the light of paradise  
     To suffering sinner's straining eyes,

Their pure, unearthly splendor in the gloom  
 Of dark misfortune and unceasing woe,  
 Gleams like the baleful torch-light of the tomb,  
 And haggard shapes and ghastly forms doth show  
     To eyes, that once on beauty shone,  
     And met love true as was their own.

Love of my dark and lonely youth ! thy name,  
 Unread, unheard, no mortal power shall claim,  
 For, though I'm changed, yet I am still the same  
     To thee, my heart's eternal bride !  
     My spirit's life, and joy and pride !

When far retired from earth's unfeeling things  
 I hold communion with the days gone by,  
 ! And when my soul on high devotion's wings  
 Reads the bright volume of eternity,  
     I think of thee, and whispering tell  
     Thy name to those who loved as well.

Another claimed thy wedded love and thou  
 Didst yield response to his enamoured vow,  
 And on the earth there's nothing left me now  
     But coldness, sorrow and neglect,  
 (Erst of such fate I little reck'd.)

But in the pride of suffering I will bear  
 The past, the present and the future's ills,  
 And only think of thee as one in prayer  
 Doth think of heaven—and though my heart oft thrills  
     At sound of name too like to thine,  
 No eye in me shall grief divine.

I blame thee not, sweet one ! that thou didst speak  
 Love to my passion, for my heart was weak,  
 And fondly leaned on what was sure to break ;  
     I blame thee not—the time hath gone  
 When I did wish thee for my own.

Back o'er the desert of anterior life  
 I gaze in sorrow not with joy unblent,  
 For childhood's dreams and youth's enkindling strife  
 Have lost the illusion that they whilom lent,  
     And guile hath chilled my feelings so  
 I would not change for bliss my woe.

Long time hath past—lone, leaden-winged hours,  
 Days, months and years since Housatonic's bowers  
 Heard zephyr wantoning among the flowers  
     To lovers' soft and witching lay ;  
 And many a lingering, lonely day

Since then hath hung like mountain on my mind,  
 And seemed eternal as the vault above ;  
 And, though I've lived in misery, yet resigned  
 I could have been to sacrifice my love,  
     Hadst thou not lost, the while, thy bloom,  
 And wert thou not so near the tomb.

But such is youthful love—all passion, fire,  
 Fever and frenzy—all beyond desire,  
 Or hope, or aim, save what it doth inspire  
 Of paradise that turns to hell  
 With all who love long, fond and well.

Moments of bliss no human heart can bear  
 Prelude dark years of misery and pain;  
 Rapture lends venom unto fierce despair,  
 And youth's gay hopes in age deep sorrows reign.  
 The heart that love leaves desolate  
 Becomes the seat of settled hate.

---

### SONNET.

Of Jove and sunny-haired Mnemosyne  
 O high-souled Daughter ! If in these sad lays  
 Or thought or feeling gleam and live, the praise  
 Is due, high Priestess of the Lyre ! to thee.  
 E'en in the earliest days of memory  
 My undirected musings wandered forth  
 From dull oppression and unmannered mirth,  
 And held high converse, 'neath the old oak tree  
 I loved, with thee, O tearful Goddess ! Left  
 An infant orphan, and enslaved by those  
 Who, kindred friends, became my bitterest foes ;  
 In childhood of a sister-love bereft,  
 And ever haunted by the fiends of ill ;  
 Queen of lone hearts ! as then I love thee still

# **THE SISTERS OF ST CLARA.**

**BY SUMNER L. FAIRFIELD.**

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***ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.***

TO  
**PROFESSOR EVERETT,**  
WHOSE EMINENT TALENTS  
HAVE VINDICATED AND ADORNED  
AMERICAN LITERATURE,  
**This Poem**  
IN TESTIMONY OF HIGHEST RESPECT  
FOR HIS  
VARIOUS ERUDITION  
AND ACCOMPLISHED ABILITIES,  
IS DEDICATED BY  
**THE AUTHOR.**





# **The Sisters of St Clara.**

## **A PORTUGUESE TALE.**

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### **CANTO I.**

#### **I.**

'Tis the bridal of nature, the season of spring,  
When Pleasure flits round on her diamond wing,  
And the spirit plays brightly and fondly and free,  
Like gem-dropping beams on a boundless blue sea,  
And the young heart is lit by the beams of love's eye,  
Like an altar of perfume by fires of the sky.  
'Tis the heart-blooming season of innocent love,  
When the green growing mead and the whispering grove  
And the musical stream as it purls o'er the dale,  
And the flowers whose lips zephyr woos in the vale,  
Are seen with the spirit of thrilling delight  
As visions of beauty too passingly bright,  
And heard like the songs that come o'er us in dreams  
When the soul's magic light through infinity gleams.  
The gay Earth is vested with verdure and flowers,  
And Hope sings away the sweet sunny hours,  
While bathing in sunbeams or over the sky  
Her star-pinions waving through glories on high.  
The citron groves throw on the wings of the breeze  
Their balm-breathing flowers, and the green orange trees  
Harp sweetly in airs from the hill and the sea,  
Like lyres heard unseen singing joys yet to be.  
O Eden of beauty! Lusitania! the sun  
Loves to linger awhile, when his journey is done,

On the lofty twin Pillars, whose brows in the sky  
 Gleam bright when the sun-god rides flashingly by,  
 Which stand in their might 'mid the waves of the sea—  
 Abyla and Calpe—unconquered and free.  
 And Cintra's dark forests look smilingly on  
 Apollo descending from his chariot throne,  
 While Estrella's lagoon, green Escura receives  
 Sheen tints of his rays from the wood's gilded leaves,  
 And Tajo's broad bay like a mirror reposes  
 'Tween a heaven of light and a garden of roses.

## II.

The sun's last beam of purple light  
 Emblazons Calpe's castle height,  
 And over Lusitania's sea  
 Looks with a smile of melody.  
 The volcan fires of *Ætna* glow  
 Brighter as sinks Hyperion low,  
 And, 'mid the gathering twilight, high  
 Stromboli gazes on the sky,  
 O'er dark-blue ocean's billowy foam  
 To light the wandering sailor home.  
 Child of the sun, the dusky Moor  
 Watches the horizon, bright obscure,  
 And, while the fine-voiced muezzin calls  
 Devotion's hour, from Ceuta's walls  
 Throws his keen eye's far-searching glance  
 O'er the dark billows as they dance  
 Along the Mauritanian shore,  
 And listens to their surging roar  
 Around Abyla's basement deep,  
 Lest in tired nature's twilight sleep  
 The foe upon his guard should steal,  
 And gain the pass ere trumpet peal.  
 Adverse, the gallant Briton stands  
 On Calpe's height, by mortal hands  
 Unbuilt and views with lofty pride  
 The vast sail gleaming o'er the tide,  
 While every breeze that comes from far

Wafts music from red Trafalgar.  
 Evening's dim shadows o'er thee close,  
 Fair Lusitania! and the rose  
 Of morning blushes o'er thy plains  
 With the same rich and gorgeous light  
 As when his warlike, wild Alains,  
 O'er forest, flood and vale and height,  
 From Volga's banks Respedial led  
 To Tajo's darkly wooded shore,  
 And made on earth his royal bed  
 With those who knew their king—no more.  
 And the sun rolls his last faint beam  
 O'er princely dome, rose-margined stream,  
 And almond grove and jasmine bower,  
 With the same smile as ere that hour  
 When man the heart of nature stained,  
 And freedom o'er a despot reigned.  
 But Lusitania, oh, thy fate  
 Hath changeful been and desolate,  
 For leagured by war's ruthless hordes,  
 And rent by rival feuds, thy crown  
 Hath fall'n between contending swords,  
 And none will now Braganza own.

### III.

The full-orbed moon is gleaming bright  
 On Cintra's dark and rocky height,  
 And on verandah, turret, tower,  
 Palace and fane at this still hour  
 Glows with a radiant smile of love,  
 And gilds the music-breathing grove  
 With those pure beams of light serene,  
 Which consecrate the peaceful scene.  
 From wave and dome and field and grove  
 Rise the soft notes of pleading love,  
 And many a strain is heard from far  
 Of wandering lover's sweet guitar,  
 And in the songs he fondly sings

His glowing heart finds rainbow wings,  
 Which bear his soul's devoted love  
 To her who would his honor prove.  
 Dian—the queen of sighs and tears,  
 Her richest robe of beauty wears,  
 And smiles to hear the vows that rise  
 Beyond her dwelling in the skies,  
 While still she weeps in prescient pain  
 That passioned love is worse than vain.

## IV.

St Clara's dark and massy dome,  
 Deluded vestals' hopeless home,  
 'Mid the dense cypress grove uprears  
 Its ivied turrets, grey with years,  
 And, where the shadowy moonlight falls,  
 Displays its blackened prison walls,  
 Within whose solitary cells  
 Tearless despair for ever dwells,  
 And sin, beneath devotion's name,  
 Reposes in its sacred shame,  
 While deeds unweened by him of hell  
 Are done in murder's fatal cell.

Within St Clara's cloisters doomed  
 In living grave to be entombed,  
 Two lovely vestals, young and fair,  
 In misery dwelt and dark despair.  
 Their loves and hopes and feelings chained,  
 Lone sorrow o'er their being reigned,  
 'Till hope arose upon their eye,  
 And mighty love's deep witchery  
 Woke the fond hearts that had been crushed,  
 And the soul's sun-light current gushed.  
 Like roses budding on one stem  
 Or blending hues of opal gem,  
 Lovely they sat within their cell,  
 Silent 'till expectation's swell  
 Burst o'er each thought and feeling high,

Like sun-showers from the azure sky.  
 Around them speaking stillness hung,  
 'Till Zulma's glowing feelings sprung  
 To words that flowed like morning's beam,  
 Or song from lips of seraphim.

"Sweet Inez! fast the fearful hour,  
 "When we shall spurn monastic power,  
 "Approaches, and our spirits' might  
 "Must dare the ordeal of to-night.  
 "The church's power, our father's ire,  
 "And Heaven perchance, will all conspire  
 "To quell the scheme we venture on;  
 "Then, Inez, 'till the deed is done,  
 "And we have passed their power's extent,  
 "Let not thy dovelike heart relent  
 "Nor fancy picture punishment."  
 "Oh, lovely Zulma, hope is light  
 "Within my trembling heart to-night,  
 "And fain this aching heart would prove  
 "The silent joys of blissful love.  
 "But, ah! my path in life has been  
 "So full of woe, and every scene  
 "Of joy so soon has changed to grief,  
 "I fear my heart will find relief  
 "Never 'till life shall cease to beat  
 "Within the snow-white winding-sheet."  
 The melting beams of Inez' eye  
 Mingled with tears of misery;  
 O'er her pale cheek and blanching brow  
 Hope's feverish hectic ceased to glow,  
 And through her heart the chilling blight  
 Of fear, like gale of northern night,  
 Flew with a deadly freezing breath,  
 That laid her budding joys in death.

## V.

ZULMA's high spirit at the view  
 Of peril more undaunted grew,  
 And glowed 'mid sorrow's gathering gloom

Like angel faith above the tomb.  
 In danger's hour she stood alone,  
 'Mid fearful things the fearless one,  
 And, as her sunlight spirit burned  
 O'er the deep darkness of despair,  
 The trembling fears of all she turned  
 To hopes and left them smiling there.  
 Her broad high brow, the throne of thought,  
 And features into spirit wrought ;  
 Her star beam eye, and look of light,  
 And moulded form that chained the sight,  
 And swanlike neck, and raven hair,  
 And swelling bosom, richly fair,  
 Which rose and sunk, like moonlight sea,  
 In its deep passion's ecstasy,  
 As if her mighty heart were swelling  
 In sun-waves for its heavenly dwelling ;  
 All spake a spirit proud and high,  
 A wandering seraph of the sky.  
 And such was ZULMA ; sorrow's night  
 Might its dark shadows o'er her cast,  
 But the deep gloom her spirit's light  
 Changed into rose beams as it past ;  
 She had one aim and none beside  
 Could bend her lofty lightning pride,  
 And, ere she drooped, she would have died.  
 Vemeira knew his daughter well,  
 And chained her spirit in a cell  
 Ere she could know the desolate  
 And hopeless woe of such a fate,  
 And 'twas an elder child's delight  
 To serve he quelled that spirit bright.

## VI.

Timid and fearful as the fawn,  
 That searches ere it treads the glade,  
 Yet lovely as a springtime dawn  
 In robes of rosy rays arrayed ;  
 Warm, feeling, soft and delicate  
 As the last blush of summer eve,  
 Yet trembling at the frown of Fate,

Lest, while her heart did sadly grieve,  
 Sin should assume the garb of woe,  
 And shroud in gloom devotion's glow ;  
~~IN~~ ~~EX~~, though fair as forms that rove  
 Round Fancy's fondest dream of love,  
 Was tender, gentle, fragile, frail,  
 And shrinking as the violet pale  
 Which blooms in solitary vale,  
 By zephyr fanned and breathed alone,  
 Unseen, unsought, unprized, unknown.  
 Feelings suppressed and thoughts untold  
 Flowed silently, like liquid gold,  
 O'er her fond heart, while virtue's sun  
 Threw glory o'er them as they run.  
 Her smiles and tears alike were born  
 In purity of virgin love,  
 And, like bright Eos, child of morn,  
 She drank at streams that gush above ;  
 For sweetness such to her was given,  
 Her faintest prayer was heard in heaven.

## VII.

When Zulma heard her sister's plaint,  
 And saw her gentle spirit sink,  
 Her soul arose in power—"To faint  
 "While standing on dark ruin's brink  
 "Were madness worse than mirth in death ;  
 "When love and happiness await  
 "Our flight, to droop despair beneath  
 "Were folly that deserved the fate."  
 "But if we fail"—"It cannot be !  
 "Love, like the mountain breeze, is free,  
 "And, amid peril, wrong and ill,  
 "Strong as the gale that sweeps the hill,  
 "Or severing ocean in its might,  
 "Brings long-lost treasures into light."  
 "But will beholding heaven approve  
 "Our broken vows for earthly love ?"  
 "St Mary shrive thee ! would'st thou be



"A Vestal in hypocrisy ?

"Oh, gentle Inez, guard thy love !

"Count Dion's daring quest would prove

"But folly's dream in evil hour,

"If thou dost spurn the boy-god's power."

Inez arose, her blue eye flowed

In gushing tears of pearly light—

"Zulma, my heart were ill bestowed

"If Dion called me false to-night."

"Vemeira's daughter still !—O Heaven !

"Love's messenger his call has given !

"Inez ! that rose, by Dion thrown,

"Lay on thy heart—it is thine own—

"And haste thee, for we must be gone !"

The soft strain of a sweet guitar

Now mellowed came as if from far,

But, artful in its measured fall,

It rose by dark St Clara's wall,

And, mastered by Prince Julian's hand,

Its sweet notes flowed so richly bland,

They told unseen the minstrel lover,

And Zulma's soaring spirit over

Threw breathless rapture as she fled

From her lone cell with footstep light,

While Inez' heart, at every tread,

Throbbled with wild fears of deep delight.

#### VIII.

Queen of the skies ! why should the beams

Of thy soft eye so richly glow

O'er scenes that darkest gloom beseems,

As fitting their soul-harrowing woe ?

Why should thy smile alike illumine

Despair and Hope, and Love and Hate,

The bridal mansion and the tomb,

Hearts full of bliss and desolate ?

Empress of Heaven ! oh, thou wert made

For blooming hearts and tearless eyes,

To light the spirit's serenade,

And high-souled love's fond ecstasies ;  
 And, when young Time in Eden's bowers  
 With nature, truth and simple love  
 Dwelt and wove crowns of fragrant flowers,  
 While Innocence with him would rove  
 In soothing shade of fair-leaved grove,  
 And smile and sing in loveliest tone  
 From very fulness of delight,  
 When Angels looked from Glory's throne  
 And threw around her robes of light ;  
 Ere woe was born of sin, and crime  
 Blotted from man's corrupted heart  
 The fairest name that youthful Time  
 Had written there with magic art ;  
 Ere the sad hour man's father fell,  
 And o'er his fall rose shouts from hell,  
 Thou, sky-throned Isis ! from thy throne  
 In all thy circuit joy alone  
 Didst see with bright, love-beaming eye  
 Beneath the azure arching sky.  
 Alas ! thou art now doomed to gaze  
 Upon a world so dark and fell,  
 That thy most pure and lovely rays  
 Serve but man's midnight heart to tell.

## IX.

On the young vestals' desperate flight  
 Thou didst look down with smile as gay  
 As if it was their bridal night,  
 And they were led in fair array  
 O'er bright saloons and marbled halls ;  
 And on ST CLARA's prison wall's  
 Thy gleaming radiance shone as fair  
 As if delight were smiling there ;  
 And on the lovely INEZ' eye,  
 As she and ZULMA fled in fear,  
 Thy rays were thrown from yon blue sky,  
 Unconscious that they lit a tear.  
 Crossing the cypress'd cemetery,

They hurried on with unheard tread  
 'Till they had gained the boundary  
 Of the lone empire of the Dead,  
 When, ere the signal could be given  
 To those who watched beyond the wall,  
 INEZ stretched forth her hands to Heaven,  
 Weeping as if the hour when all  
 Her hopes should die had come and spread  
 Its pall o'er life—and thus she said ;—  
 " Now, ere we part, sweet Zulma, say  
 " Thou lov'st me as in childhood's day,  
 " When we together fondly strayed  
 " Through arbour'd groves and greenwood shade,  
 " And on the mead plucked roseate flowers  
 " And chaplets wreathed to crown the hours,  
 " When none beneath the laughing sky  
 " Were half so gay as thou and I,  
 " Whose twin delights, like peach flowers thrown  
 " On almond boughs, each loved to own,  
 " And every smiling, happy year  
 " Flowed brightly as our own Zev're.  
 " Say, Zulma, say thou lov'st me still,  
 " And I will suffer every ill  
 " That follows broken vows made known—  
 " So Zulma's love is all my own."  
 " Now ere we part—a strange prelude,  
 " Fair, fearful sister ! to delight—  
 " Thy very spirit is imbued  
 " With causeless doubts and fears to-night.  
 " Wake thee from fright—thou hast my love,  
 " And shalt my fate and fortune prove.  
 " They hear our rustling in the shade—  
 " Here is the cord-wove escalade—  
 " Now, INEZ, fearless follow me,  
 " Doubt not, we must and shall be free."  
 Unfaltering ZULMA scaled the height,  
 Cheering the lovely nun to speed,  
 And then flew down with footstep light

To JULIAN's arms, most blest indeed.  
 The solitary vestal stood  
 A moment ere she dared to climb,  
 And in that moment's solitude  
 Her stolen flight appeared like crime ;  
 She was so pure, so lovely, sin  
 Tinged not a thought her soul within.  
 But Dion's low though passioned call  
 Impelled her faltering foot above,  
 And she had gained the ivied wall,  
 In view of all to whom her love  
 Clung with a fondness only known  
 To feeling hearts that throb alone,  
 When the full gush of high delight  
 O'erwhelmed her sense and dimmed her sight,  
 And her brain reeled in dizziness ;  
 She heeded not the cries below,  
 She could nor see nor hear nor know  
 The insupportable distress  
 Of those who saw her fainting there !  
 Count Dion sprung—he reached the height—  
 But one shrill shriek of wild despair,  
 The falling form that met his sight,  
 The hollow groan, that rose and fell  
 Upon his heart like ruin's knell,  
 Told him his loves, joys, hopes had fled,  
 And INEZ numbered with the dead.

## X.

“ Away—away ! Prince Julian, fly !  
 “ The alarum bell is pealing high,  
 “ And ruthless hordes of vestal fiends  
 “ Are rushing hither !”—Who ascends  
 Again that dreadful wall, so late  
 Scaled with a look that smiled at Fate ?  
 ’Tis Zulma—“ Julian ! leave me now,  
 “ For I must share the death I wrought,  
 “ And consummate my vestal vow

"In pain and darkness as I ought."  
 She rose to give her purpose deed,  
 When Dion barred her path and cried—  
 "Prince Julian ! as thou wouldst in need,  
 "And when despair has humbled pride,  
 "Crave mercy of the powers on high,  
 "Seize Zulma quick and fly, fly, fly !"  
 In passion wild and wildered fear  
 Julian obeyed the wise behest,  
 And grasped the heroic maiden ere  
 She could achieve her purpose ; prest  
 Unto his throbbing heart, her high  
 Spirit lost its wild energy,  
 And, whelmed by mingled love and dread,  
 Left her as passive as the dead ;  
 And, ere a moment more had flown,  
 The high-souled nun and prince had gone.  
 Count Dion watched them out of view,  
 Then seized the branch of towering yew,  
 And dropped within the cemetery,  
 Where round the lifeless Inez spread  
 Tombs whose white marble mournfully  
 Shone as in mockery of the Dead.  
 He raised the lovely sufferer,  
 And laid her bleeding on his breast,  
 And kissed the death-like cheek of her  
 Who was his spirit's heaven most blest,  
 While, as he gazed in speechless woe  
 O'er her soft, lovely features graven  
 With death's dark lines, he saw below  
 Nor love nor joy, nor hope in heaven.  
 But scarce the space of lightning's glare  
 Was left to muse of his despair,  
 Or soothe the suffering Inez there ;  
 The cloister horde by Abbess led,  
 Exulting that their venom'd hate  
 Could now be poured on beauty's head  
 And virtue's heart left desolate,

Rushed like hyæna troops upon  
 The gallant Dion—but, appalled  
 By his proud port, though all alone  
 He stood—they paused and shrilly called  
 Their faithful, favored alguazil,  
 To guard the holy cloister's weal.  
 Folding his bosom's suffering bride  
 With one strong arm unto his heart,  
 And with the other waving wide  
 A sword by sage Iberian art  
 Trebly refined and edged, he bade  
 The serpent throng avoid his path,  
 And sprung upon the escalade;  
 Then came the alguazil in wrath,  
 Dashing the trembling host away,  
 Like war-ship rushing through the spray,  
 And Dion charged in lordly tone  
 To yield and meek submission own.  
 The Lover there that moment stood,  
 Not like proud warrior trained in blood,  
 But like that Spirit who on high  
 His four-edged sword waved o'er the sky,  
 And bade the sinning mortal die.  
 "Yield thee, blasphemer! Heaven commands."  
 "Chain, then, the bold blasphemer's hands,  
 And bind his phrenzied spirit down  
 Low as thy master's and thine own."  
 "Darest thou the monarch's alguazil?"  
 "Bid ye the whelp-robbed lion kneel!"  
 "Fell ruffian! thou wilt rue this hour."  
 "Ruffian!—not while my sword hath power."  
 And with the word the unfailing blade  
 Low at his feet the opposer laid,  
 And Dion seized the escalade.  
 He springs with more than mortal might,  
 He rises—almost gains the height—  
 His hand is on the moss-grown wall—  
 This moment saves or ruins all!

Oh, Dion, nerve thy heart again,  
 One minute,—spring—thou wilt be free,  
 And save thy love—'tis vain—'tis vain,  
 Despair hath sealed thy destiny !  
 They tear away the cord-wove frame,  
 And thou art doomed to woe and shame !  
 Still Dion bears the double weight  
 With one torn, bleeding, numbing hand  
 Awhile—he falls—the scroll of Fate  
 Hath rolled its darkest record ! “Stand,  
 “Exulting fiends, oh, stand ye there,  
 “And over heaven your triumph tell,  
 “And laugh o'er death and dark despair,  
 “For than ye worse reign not in hell !”

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# XI.

'Tis sweet to gaze on a moonlight sea,  
 But sweeter upon its wave to be  
 When the mellow airs of springtime night  
 Come over the heart as it floats in light,  
 And the sleeping flowers exhale perfume,  
 Like a virgin's breath from lips of bloom,  
 And the dark-blue waters curl and gleam  
 In the diamond's star-light's mirrored beam,  
 While the spirit burns o'er the glittering sea  
 'Till it longs a moonlight wave to be.  
 But, ah, there are hearts on a moonlight sea  
 That love not afar from their home to be,  
 Whose pain mellow airs can ne'er assuage,  
 Nor the starlight wave their thoughts engage ;  
 Who sail on the sea with nor hope nor joy,  
 Unloving the beautiful waters and sky,  
 In whose dreary breasts delight never moves,  
 And who turn from the view of rapturous loves,  
 With a sickening burst of coming pain,  
 For they never can feel their hopes again.  
 Oh, spirits that sail on the moonlight sea

Should have thoughts as vast as eternity,  
 And feelings as pure and happy as those  
 Rainbow-winged birds who can dwell in a rose,  
 For hearts full of grief, oh, never can be  
 Fond of sailing alone on a moonlight sea.

## XII.

O'er Lusitania's soft-blue moonlight bay  
 Swells the gay song of reckless gondolier,  
 While his bark dances, as the waters play,  
 On the shore waves that glitter bright and clear.

Dim in the distance, marked upon the sky,  
 Wave the blue pennon and the glimmering sail,  
 And oft is heard the master's anxious cry  
 While shoreward sea-boy answers to his hail.

Yet, save his song and their expectant cries,  
 The world is slumbering in a soft repose,  
 And spirits from their star-thrones in the skies  
 Breathe softly as a dew-lipped sleeping rose.

It is the hour when Love's communion fills  
 Eye, lip and heart with rapture's magic light;  
 When waning Dian, throned on shadowy hills,  
 Smiles o'er young transports from her azure height.

Pomegranate, orange, lime and citron groves  
 Shadow grey turrets and time-honored towers,  
 And heaven's pale queen amid their arbours roves  
 And counts with tears the melancholy hours.

But hushed is song of happy gondolier,  
 And fast the shadowy sail ascends on high;—  
 A step, a form, a voice—"Prince Julian's here!"  
 "Alfonso, haste! this hour we 'scape or die!"



## XIII.

Before the rising, shrill-voiced gale  
 Flies the yard-stretching, mighty sail,  
 Swelling o'er broad Atlantic billow,  
 Like swan upon her wavy pillow,  
 Dashing aside from her high prow  
 The wave, whose hissing foam-wreaths glow  
 Like jewels thrown in floating snow,  
 And hurrying on her watery way,  
 Between two oceans, heaven and earth's,  
 Like war horse through the battle fray,  
 Whose mighty heart would burst his girths  
 In its high swelling, should his lord  
 Or check his speed or sheathe his sword.  
 With a long sigh, as if from dream  
 Of pain and anguish slowly waking,  
 From Julian's breast, with sudden screams  
 Wild as her bleeding heart were breaking,  
 Zulma arose and gazed around  
 On ocean's sons, on wave and sky,  
 And then fell back and deeply groaned,  
 While gleamed through tears her eagle eye.  
 "Oh, Julian, 'twas a deadly wrong  
 "To save a wretched murderess;  
 "And her remorseful life prolong  
 "Whom none can love and none will bless."  
 "No, 'twas a deed a saint might do,  
 "An angel glory to achieve,  
 "To save from sorrows ever new  
 "A lovely creature doomed to grieve."  
 "Oh, dear, lost Inez!" Shudderings came  
 O'er her like sansar's chilling breath,  
 As from her heart flowed that sweet name  
 Which now was linked with woe and death,  
 And, wrapt in silent suffering,  
 She saw nor wave nor sky nor lover,  
 Nor heard the light-winged breezes sing,  
 Like nymphs in sea-shells, ocean over;

All—all to her was pain and gloom,  
 Her thoughts of what she left behind,  
 And o'er her angel sister's tomb  
 She heard the lonely wailing wind,  
 With 'spirit voice of wild distress,  
 Denouncing Inez' murderess!  
 Darkly with phantoms of her brain  
 Communing, still o'er billowy main  
 Zulma was hurried rapidly,  
 And the low murmuring of the sea  
 Seemed, when she heard the gulping surge,  
 Hymning the murdered vestal's dirge.  
 No voice of comfort touched her heart,  
 No solemn pledge of love allayed  
 Her bosom's anguish—"oh, depart  
 "And leave the guilty wretch you made!"  
 Prince Julian left but watched her still,  
 And gave her grief unstilled flow;  
 "Sorrow at last must drink its fill  
 "And nature calm the pulse of woe."

## XIV.

The virgin huntress of the skies  
 With Ocean's daughters flies afar,  
 And Eos and her nymphs arise  
 Above the sun-god's throne, each star,  
 E'en Orion's blazing sword of light,  
 And the twin-martyrs' wreath so bright,  
 And sea-born Beauty's radiance dimming,  
 While blue-zoned Téthys weaves a crown  
 Of pearls and corals brightly swimming  
 Through her empire fathoms down,  
 To deck Aurora's rosy brow  
 As her white steeds o'er ether fly,  
 And proud Hyperion, bright and slow,  
 Rolls unto heaven his glorious eye.  
 The bird of Jove his mighty wings  
 Waves o'er the crimson vault above,  
 And from his eye a radiance flings

Bright as the brightest glance of love.  
 The white-plumed sea gull scuds the sea,  
 The shrill curlew sports round the bark,  
 And nature sings of liberty  
 And love as when from ancient ark  
 The beasts of earth and birds of heaven  
 To their bright fields and skies were given.

## XV.

The rushing ship is sailing now  
 O'er the bright wave of Trafalgar,  
 And Morn is blushing o'er the brow  
 Of Algarve's dusky mountains far,  
 With the same smile of living bloom  
 As when to ocean's billowy tomb,  
 Amid the sea-fray's carnage red,  
 Their requiem shouts of victory,  
 Shrouded in glory, England's Dead  
 Sunk with unclosed, war-lightened eye,  
 Whose last, bright glance from gory wave  
 Saw England's banner proudly streaming  
 Victorious o'er their ocean grave,  
 And England's sword triumphal gleaming;  
 And o'er his sons, with every surge,  
 Bright, billowy ocean sings their dirge.  
 And now the swelling sail is fanned  
 By zephyrs o'er that narrow sea,  
 O'er which on either margin stand  
 Those giant mountain twins which he,  
 Alcmena's son,\* with godlike power  
 Severed and poured the sea between,  
 And which, since that rock-sundering hour,  
 The deadliest foes have ever been.  
 Thence onward holds the bark her way  
 Through the blue wave in fair array,  
 While to the northern view arise  
 The Alpine mountains in the skies,  
 O'er whose snow-mantled summits erst

\*Hercules.

The Mauritanian hero led  
 His warlike host, by fate accursed,  
 To glory, as the warrior said,  
 And the proud spoils of mighty Rome ;  
 In that soul-stirring hour of pride,  
 When his heart rolled in glory's tide,  
 Having dread Cannæ in his view  
 No more than he, whom Waterloo  
 Sent to Helena's living tomb,  
 Had of that desolating fray  
 On Lodi's or Marengo's day.

Before the view, where sunbeams smile,  
 Rises that rocky mountain isle,\*  
 Where he was born, the mighty one,  
 Whose gory course of fame is run ;  
 And where, perchance, a harmless boy,  
 His fellows' chief, his mother's joy,  
 He wandered oft and played and smiled  
 Amid the mountain's shrubbery wild,  
 An innocent and happy child ;  
 Undreaming of his pomp and power,  
 His crimes, disgrace and exile fate.  
 Ah ! few can tell in childhood's hour  
 What thoughts and deeds their manhood wait ;  
 Or who will ban or bless the name  
 That blazes on the scroll of Fame ;  
 For many a one hath been carest  
 By those who cursed his place of rest.  
 In him a mighty spirit burned,  
 But with a fierce volcano glare ;  
 Oh, had that soaring spirit turned  
 To heaven and drank in glory there,  
 Earth would have bowed in rapture free  
 And idolized his memory !  
 And o'er his glorious monument  
 Heaven's highest spirit might have bent,  
 And read his praise with glad consent ;  
 " The Man, who guides a nation's way

\* Corsica.

" To bloodless glory, o'er his name  
 " Throws brighter wreaths of light than they.  
 " Who deck Earth's highest shrine of Fame."  
 But ah ! he fell and with him died  
 His empire, power and pomp and pride ;  
 And nought remains of all he won—  
 Quenched is Napoleon's zenith sun.

Still onward fleet the ship careers,  
 Like rapid lapse of hurrying years,  
 While fades the bright foam of its wake,  
 Like all the joys we give or take,  
 And bears, with sail expanding high,  
 Its course, beneath a glorious sky,  
 Toward soft Campania's fairy land,  
 Where zephyrs sport with breathings bland,  
 O'er ruins erst of pride and fame,  
 And gorgeous domes of crime and shame.  
 And, 'mid the night that robes the skies,  
 Julian directs sad Zulma's view  
 Where *Ætna's* fiery columns rise  
 In desolation's lurid hue,  
 And glare between this world and heaven,  
 Like fiends to whom Destruction's given.  
 The baleful light is flaring o'er  
 Trinacria's vine-clad, flowery shore,  
 Where Arethusa once did gush  
 In lucid streams for bards to drink,  
 And Alpheus 'neath the sea did rush  
 To meet his fountain bride—the brink  
 Was clothed in amaranthine flowers,  
 And, near, Ortygia's sacred grove,  
 Delayed the rosy-footed hours  
 Of pure delight and raptured Love.  
 A weedy marsh now stagnates there,  
 And taints the thick and sluggish air,  
 As all man's hopes close in despair.

The lovers' course is almost done,  
 The lovers' goal is nearly won,  
 And how hath Zulma borne the flight ?  
 Like one whose brightest day was night.  
 Like one whose heart hath caught a taint  
 Of crime, though fancied, dark and deep ;  
 Whose dread remorse doth ever paint  
 Horrors, and ne'er is lulled to sleep,  
 Since o'er a spirit proud and high  
 It reigns with threefold energy.  
 Who backward looks and finds despair,  
 And forward, misery bars her there ;  
 Below—there sleeps a murderess—  
 Above—there dwells no Power to bless.  
 The more she thinks, the darker grows  
 The volume of her sins and woes ;  
 No change comes o'er her agony ;  
 Like *Ætna's* fire, it burns within,  
 And, darkening o'er the spirit's sky,  
 Burns ever with the gathering sin.  
 It was not madness ; o'er her brain  
 Coherent thoughts ceased not to flow ;  
 But 'twas that dread, oppressive pain,  
 That mountain weight of crushing woe,  
 Which follows, in a sinless mind,  
 A deed that spirits too refined  
 Brood o'er as done by them—though none  
 Other would such arraignment own.  
 Reason was worse than vain and speech  
 The dreadful mania could not reach ;  
 So Julian left to Time the dread  
 Disease which o'er her pure heart shed  
 The baneful death-dew of despair,  
 And fixed its upas fountain there ;  
 For Zulma sought no sympathy,  
 No comfort false as it is free,  
 But leaned upon the penal rod  
 And bowed her burning heart to G OD.

## XVI.

The bark hath passed the Tyrrhine sea  
 And anchored in the glorious bay  
 Of proud and base Parthenope,\*  
 Where perfumed gales with sunlight play  
 O'er antique fane and tower,  
 And palace proud, whose mirrored dome,  
 Like a bright heaven, o'er many a tomb  
 Of many a mighty one laid low  
 Gleams with a rich, refulgent glow,  
 Like Freedom o'er lost Power.  
 The bark is moored—the lovers gone  
 Beyond the once fair Lucrine lake,  
 Where dark-browed Ruin reigns alone  
 O'er Baiæ lost in marshy brake,  
 And all the fairy gardens, groves,  
 And meads and dales erst loved so well  
 By him†—so reckless luxury proves  
 In one a nation's ruin fell—  
 Who, shunning Glory's shrine when he  
 Had gained the fane, left mighty Rome  
 The victim of fierce anarchy,  
 Dreading yet hurrying on her doom.  
 Lucrine—the haunt of mirth is gone ;  
 And there volcanoes glare alone !  
 Baiæ hath sunk to dust and silt,  
 Earth's mistress stands, like ancestry,  
 Scowling o'er sons, degraded, lost  
 In soft, voluptuous ease—their boast  
 Their shame—while yet her downcast eye  
 Kindles o'er shades of power gone by.

## XVII.

Days, weeks and months have been and gone—  
 And raptures soft have come and flown—  
 And lovely Zulma dwells alone  
 In solitary castle high  
 Between fair earth and fairer sky.

\* Neapolis or Naples.

† Lucullus.

Julian had been most courteous kind ;  
 Had kneeled and sworn his deathless love ;  
 And, lore-skilled, o'er the vestal's mind  
 Mournful thrown comfort from above ;  
 He had been all a lover is,  
 And would, perchance—I will not dwell  
 On man's *intent* to offer bliss  
 To one who had for him farewell  
 Bidden all thoughts of earth and heaven,  
 And sole to him her full heart given.  
 Prince Julian was Campania's heir,  
 And thus decreed his royal sire ;—  
 "Thou wed'st proud Austria's daughter fair,  
 "Or never com'st the sceptre nigher."  
 Julian was proud and fond of fame—  
 The fair nun could nor raise his name  
 Nor swell his power—but she might be  
 The unseen queen of sovereignty ;  
 The empress of his private hours—  
 The angel of his palace bowers.  
 So Julian thought, though he had tried  
 Her virtue oft by speech oblique  
 And look lascivious, when his pride  
 And birth and state appeared most weak  
 Before wrong'd Zulma's Juno eye,  
 Whose glance spake pride and purity.  
 From day to day he talked of love,  
 While Zulma would not see his aim,  
 Save when the princely sophist strove  
 To prove all rites a needless name ;  
 Then flashed her eye and glowed her brow,  
 And he dared not his aim avow.  
 On love I will not moralize ;  
 It hath more wiles and snares than sighs ;  
 Sooth be the Tale and fair I tell—  
 His deeds are man's true chronicle.



## XVIII.

'Twas soft Campania's evening hour,  
 And earth and heaven were seas of light,  
 And Zulma in her rose-wove bower  
 Sate gazing on the horizon bright,  
 Where white clouds float and turn to gold  
 Like garments in campeachy rolled,  
 And fancy pictures angel pinions  
 Far waving o'er those high dominions,  
 'Till, as she thought of pleasures gone,  
 And Inez, tortured, dying, dead,  
 And her own misery there alone,  
 Her hopes destroyed, her true loves fled,  
 Her bleeding heart left desolate,  
 And all the ills and woes of fate,  
 She seized her harp and mournfully  
 Sung of these joys no more to be.

## THE BANKS OF ZEVEVE.

The bright Sun is sinking o'er Italy's sea,  
 And kissing Campania's rich gardens of roses,  
 But, oh, his smile brings no pleasure to me,  
 For my heart on the thorn-couch of sorrow reposes ;  
 Sweetly gay rise the notes of the lover's guitar,  
 As he greets his heart's bride in the valley cot near,  
 But, ah, all my songs of delight are afar,  
 Like a spirit's voice, heard on the banks of Zeveré.

How oft have I sat with sweet Inez upon  
 Those rose-cushioned banks in our childhood's gay hours,  
 And fancied delights ever new to be won  
 In the great World of beauty and music and flowers !  
 How oft, O thou dear one ! I slumbered with thee  
 In our moon-lighted bower in the spring of the year,  
 And heard the birds singing on our apricot tree  
 When we 'woke to delight on the banks of Zeveré!

How oft in our cel, when denied all I loved  
 Of nature and art, I found pleasure in thee ;  
 And in vigil and penance and weariness proved  
 That more than devotion thy love was to me !  
 But, alas ! thou art dead and I am alone,  
 Far from all that on earth or in heaven were dear ;  
 My delights are all o'er—for thou, Inez ! art gone,  
 And our bower blossoms not on the banks of Zeveré.

Julian had stood beside the bower,  
 And heard, unseen, the mournful song,  
 While every blushing, dewy flower  
 Reproached him with fair Zulma's wrong ;  
 But nature's voice, so soft, so still,  
 Fails to o'er-rule ambition's pride,  
 Or with atoning sorrow fill  
 A lordly heart unsanctified.  
 Julian approached, and greeted fair  
 The sad, forsaken, lovely maid,  
 And, eloquent in praise and prayer,  
 Repeating all he oft had said,  
 Implored compliance with his love,  
 Acceptance of his treasures—all—  
 And she should ever—ever prove  
 The queen of banquet, bower and hall,  
 And be his heart's eternal bride,  
 His life, his sun, his hope, his heaven,  
 And, when he gained his throne of pride,  
 His royal name should soon be given.  
 But, while the Prince besought and prayed,  
 How sat and looked the insulted maid ?  
 Like her of Enna's rosy vale\*  
 When wooed by him of Acheron ;†  
 Her brow so wan, her cheek so pale,  
 Her tearful eye—all brightly shone  
 With pride and shame, disdain and scorn,  
 And thus—" Why was I ever born  
 " So to be scoffed at ?" quick began  
 The nun, while fierce her hot blood ran,

\* Proserpine.

† Pluto.

And her small form, dilating, grew  
 Like towering angel on the view.  
 "Prince Julian, cease ! I charge thee, cease !  
 "Are these thy notes of love and peace ?  
 "Art *thou* to be a nation's king ?  
 "THOU—false, deluding, guileful thing !  
 "The thoughts, that lightened spirits high  
 "In gallant days of chivalry,  
 "Throw not a wandering gleam o'er thee,  
 "Thou craven knight of loselry !  
 "Vemeira is a noble name,  
 "And it can never be that fame  
 "Should Zulma's memory link with shame.  
 "Shall I thy leman be ? O no !  
 "Never while I can wield a blow,  
 "While poison drops or waters flow.  
 "Rede thou a woman's spirit well  
 "Ere thy own slavery thou dost tell,  
 "And know that virtue is her heaven,  
 "To things like thee, oh, never given !

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"O Julian, Julian ! love like mine  
 "Is quenchless, deathless, for 'tis pure ;  
 "E'en now it doth around thee twine  
 "Fondly and will fore'er endure  
 "The same as when thine eye first shone  
 "O'er the same mirror as my own.  
 "Had'st thou been what I thought thee erst,  
 "As gallant as thou wert at first,  
 "Though doomed to groan in poverty,  
 "'Mid malice, misery, wrong and ill,  
 "The slave of fear—a lord to me—  
 "I would have loved—obeyed thee still,  
 "And, with unsorrowing brow and eye,  
 "Forsaken not and unforsaking,  
 "When sleeping, kissed thy misery  
 "Away, and sung to thee when waking.

"But these are dreams of passion yet  
 "Surviving when its hope hath set ;  
 "Vain mockeries of my bosom's sun  
 "Quenched ere his journey is begun !  
 "I leave thee, Julian ! and be thou  
 "Thy punishment—no worse ! and now—  
 "There are thy gifts !"—From neck of snow  
 Her carcanet—and then her zone  
 Of jewels and her chains and rings  
 She loosed and threw, disdainful, down ;  
 "There, Julian, take the gilded things,  
 "For which thou thought'st that I would sell  
 "My virtue—and now fare thee well !"

## XIX.

Bewildered, lost, abashed, oppressed  
 By torrent passions wildly warring ;  
 Defied, despised, disgraced, distressed,  
 Each wildfire thought another marring ;  
 Prince Julian stood unmoving where,  
 In all the grandeur of despair,  
 Zulma, like empress throned in power  
 More than deserted nun, had left  
 Her lover in that sundering hour  
 When her proud heart of hope was 'rest,  
 O'erwhelmed with thoughts and feelings dread,  
 Which for one error should atone,  
 Since the same heart that error bred  
 Throbbled with fond love for one alone.  
 Zulma had hurried from his view—  
 Her form of love, her voice, her smile  
 No more enchantment o'er him threw—  
 No more his sorrows could beguile ;  
 She had been his—and now was not—  
 He had been hers in grief and woe—  
 Now she had gone—to be forgot—  
 And he was left alone to—"No !  
 "By Heaven ! it cannot, shall not be !  
 "Crown, sceptre, kingdom—what are ye  
 "To love and love's true paradise ?  
 "Away, ye baubles ! Honor, rise !

"Ambrose!"—"My Lord!"—"Caparison

"The fleetest steed in all my stalls,

"And bring the courser here anon—

"And guard thou well the castle walls!

"I will the maid re-gain or die,

"For Honor is man's majesty!"

He vaulted on his mettled steed,

And vanished in the forest dun,

Then rose the hill and o'er the mead

Rushed 'neath the last beam of the sun.

# The Sisters of St Clara.

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## CANTO II.

### I.

O Land of my birth ! Thou fair World of the West !  
With freedom and glory and happiness blest !  
Thou nation upspringing from forest and grove,  
Like wisdom's armed queen from the brain of high Jove !  
Though thy winds are the coldest the North ever blows,  
And thy mountains the drearest when covered with snows ;  
Though the warm fount of feeling is chilled ere it gushes,  
And pleasure's stream frozen while brightly it rushes ;  
Though thy sons like their clime are oft chilling and rude  
And rough as the oak in their own mountain wood ;  
Yet I love thee, my country ! as fondly as Tell  
Loved the Alpine Republic he rescued so well.  
For thy yeomen can circle the winter-eve hearth,  
Undreading oppression, and talk of the Earth,  
Whose bosom yields nurture to father and son,  
Leaving hearts pure and gay when the glad work is done ;  
While the pæans they shout over glories by-gone  
Are echoed by virtues forever their own.  
O thou home of the rover o'er ocean's rude wave,  
Asylum of sorrow and fort of the brave !  
Advance in thy Glory o'er forest and sea,  
Unrivalled, unconquered, heroic and free !  
Though the rose bloom and fade in its holiday hour,  
And the sun-god be palled in the glory of power,  
And winter's cold breath blanch the blossoms of spring,  
Unlike the bright climes of whose riches I sing ;  
Yet thy virtues bend not to each soothing breeze,  
Whose syren song lures through the soft shaded trees,  
Like the gay, grovelling sons of the tropical clime,

Whose skies are all glory—whose earth is all crime.  
 My own native Land ! far, oh, far be the day  
 When minstrel, more worthy—more fated, his lay  
 Shall attune, of thy shame—while his notes sadly swell—  
 Tale so tragic as mine with sorrow to tell !

## II.

The sunniest rose that ever blowed  
 In velvet vale of soft Cashmere ;  
 The loveliest light that ever glowed  
 O'er heaven in springtime of the year,  
 Ne'er blushed and beamed more purely bri;  
 Than gentle Inez' sinless heart  
 Upon that dreadful, fated night  
 When doomed with all it loved to part.  
 No spirit, gazing from above  
 With eyes impearled in pity's tears,  
 Cherished more heavenly thoughts of love  
 In glory's highest, brightest spheres,  
 Than the pure, lovely, dying one,  
 Dragged by that fiendlike sisterhood,  
 When they had gory triumph won,  
 With malice fierce and hate imbued,  
 To the dim, dread refectory ;  
 Where, telling fast their rosaries,  
 And lifting many a saint-like eye  
 To heaven with muttered groans and sighs,  
 The demon conclave met to doom  
 To living grave, to breathing tomb,  
 The apostate, suffering, dying nun.  
 The word hath passed—the deed is done !  
 Ere morn gleams through the painted glass  
 Of prison cell, or o'er the wall  
 Of dark St Clara light doth pass  
 Dimly and sickening—all, ay, all  
 Of that most wretched band, save one,  
 Are kneeling at the tapered shrine,  
 Before the Omniscient's holy throne,  
 With zeal and fervor called divine,

To chant their impious prayers to Him  
 In whose dread, all-pervading eye  
 Not even the heavenliest seraphim  
 Are pure in their great piety!  
 Alas! that Heaven's most blessed boon,  
 Religion, breathing peace and love,  
 In man's polluted heart so soon  
 The veriest creed of hell should prove!

## III.

Bruised, wounded, bleeding, lost to sense,  
 Her wounds unstanch'd, her arm unset,  
 The dying nun was hurried thence  
 To that dark dungeon-vault, whence yet  
 None hath returned to tell the gloom,  
 The anguish of that living tomb.  
 Unseen, unfelt, unknown, her fate  
 O'er the fair vestal's head had past,  
 And she was left all desolate—  
 Her doom was sealed—the die was cast—  
 Ere, waking from her dreadful dream,  
 She faintly said—"I heard a scream  
 "Of death, methought, O Dion! say  
 "Is Zulma saved?" Then, as she lay  
 Leaning against the dungeon wall,  
 She turned—groaned—and fell back again;  
 "Oh, Dion! love! oh, tell me all,  
 "Is Zulma safe?"—Convulsive pain  
 Came o'er her then and dimmed the eye  
 Of yesternight's dread memory,  
 And through her spirit's drear opaque  
 She could not look—she could not take  
 Perception of her agony;  
 She knew 't was so—but how or why  
 It baffled her delirious brain  
 To tell;—and then she thought again,  
 And more distinct her memory grew  
 Of what had passed—and chill the dew  
 Of anguish hung upon her brow,



Like frozen breath on freezing snow,  
 As dim she caught the past and gone ;  
 Yet she could not—the dying one,  
 Imagine why she was alone.  
 She spake again, but faint and low—  
 “ O Dion, thou didst often say  
 “ Thy love could master every woe,  
 “ And change the spirit’s night to day ;  
 “ It cannot be that thou should’st now  
 “ Disdain compliance with thy vow—  
 “ Now, when I feel—O Dion, come  
 “ And bear me hence—I must go home !”  
 She listened then for some faint sound,  
 And strove to rise and look around ;  
 But all was midnight gloom and she  
 Alone there in her agony.  
 Still memory gathered link by link—  
 And still her wounds life’s current bled—  
 With a death-thirst she longed to drink  
 What flowed around her dungeon bed ;  
 She scooped the fluid in her hand,  
 And bore it to her lips—’t was blood !  
 And then her spirit lost command  
 ’Mid horror, gloom, and solitude,  
 While sense, beyond mere words to tell,  
 O’er all the past began to swell  
 And well she saw her hopeless doom,  
 There buried in eternal gloom,  
 Whence shrillest shriek and wildest cry  
 Could ne’er be heard, her agony  
 To tell, beyond her prison walls,  
 Where murder’s scream all vainly calls.  
 No missal there nor cross had she,  
 O’er which to breathe her parting breath ;  
 To cheer her in her misery,  
 And balm the piercing dart of death ;  
 For they had banned the dying nun  
 And barred redeeming penitence !  
 Demons ! their hate her glory won—

Her amulet was innocence !  
 So malice works its own reward,  
 And weakest proves when most on guard,  
 For never yet hath hatred wrought  
 The deadly ruin which it sought,  
 Untended by a deadlier blow  
 Than that which laid its victim low.

## IV.

A sound disturbed her solitude—  
 High chanting from the chapelry ;  
 Like wailings from a gloomy wood  
 When echoed by a gloomy sky,  
 The distant swell of cloister strain  
 And matin hymn came o'er her brain,  
 And roused to life her slumbering pain.  
 It was her dirge—that morning song,  
 And slowly rolled the notes along  
 The cypress groves—the vaults—the cell  
 Like murder's midnight groan which tells  
 The fearful deed most fearfully ;  
 And there the lovely Inez lay  
 In suffering's last extremity,  
 While not a solitary ray  
 Of light relieved the heart-felt gloom  
 That palled her spirit in the tomb.  
 It was a mockery of her woe—  
 A deadly taunt—a spurn at heaven—  
 The mass of hell yelled out below—  
 A demon shout most madly given—  
 That laudatory pæan, sent  
 Through farthest vault—through deepest cell,  
 To agonize the punishment  
 Of the fair one Heaven loved so well.  
 But, oh, no fiend with things can cope  
 Whom GOD has left to their own will—  
 Giv'n o'er beyond all reach of hope,  
 At hate's hell-cup to drink their fill ;  
 The deadliest demon, banned the most,

May fill archangel's holiest throne  
 Ere mortal once—forever lost,  
 Can for his damning deeds atone.  
 The light of heaven may beam o'er hell  
 Dimly and touch some demon there ;  
 But man, abandoned, bids farewell  
 To hope, and weds his own despair.

## V.

Another sound the stillness broke,  
 And Inez' bleeding heart awoke ;  
 It was the wailing of a dove,  
 The death-song of a simple bird  
 O'er her who died for heaven and love,  
 And gladly were the soft notes heard.  
 Perched on a cypress o'er her cell,  
 The bird hailed not the glorious sun,  
 But sadly sung the last farewell  
 Of the pure, sweet, expiring nun,  
 To earth and earthly sins and woes  
 And life so early in its close.  
 As Inez listened to the strain,  
 And longed to waft it back again,  
 The shade of death was in her eye,  
 The pulses of her being beat  
 Faintly and death's last agony  
 Came o'er her gently ; she could meet  
 With pleasure now her dreadful fate,  
 And perish in that fearful state  
 Calmly—which was so desolate.  
 She had no light, but darkness grew  
 Familiar, for her spirit's sun  
 Around her mellow lustre threw  
 Just when her virgin sands had run,  
 And as the fount of being dried,  
 And the warm current redly flowed  
 Her gory couch of clay beside,  
 Her soul's last glance more brightly glowed  
 With angel hope of heavenly love

Than ever sandalled saint could prove,  
 By all his reverenced holy power,  
 In nature's dreadful, dying hour.  
 Feebly she sunk—the crimson tide  
 Gushed forth no more—her heart was still ;  
 Yet her lips trembled as she died—  
 “Dion—forgive—my wrongs !” And 'till  
 Her features had collapsed in death  
 That name was breathed with every breath.

## VI.

A taper gleams amid the gloom—  
 A white-robed form approaches near—  
 It pauses by the dungeon tomb,  
 And listens tensely as in fear,  
 Or hope—and now it moves again  
 And lifts the iron-bolted grate,  
 And gazes o'er the cell of Pain,  
 Doubting its lovely tenant's fate,  
 Or longing to augment her woe :—  
 Demon ! go in—thy victim's gone !  
 With noiseless footstep, sure and slow,  
 Unseen, unheard, and all alone,  
 The holy Abbess lists awhile,  
 And then descends—and with a smile  
 Deadly and dark moves round the corse,  
 Whose features are an Angel's still ;  
 “Dead ?—Aye, 'tis well—it had been worse  
 “For thee if I had gained my will  
 “Or thou had'st lived till now !”—She turned  
 The lovely vestal's body o'er,  
 And laughed aloud ; and then she spurned  
 The corse upon its gory floor,  
 And smiled as if she gave it pain ;  
 And then she raised the beauteous nun—  
 “Aye, 'tis a blessed fate, sweet one !  
 “That thou hast wrought thyself—again  
 “Thou would'st not do it !” Then she threw  
 The pale, cold corse in wrath away,

And yet more dark her features grew,  
 As death had robbed her of her prey ;  
 And still she stood, with fiendlike eye,  
 Revelling in hatred's demon feast,  
 And with low curse and muttered cry  
 Banning e'en HIM who had released  
 The vestal from her deadly power  
 And raised the soul to Eden's bower,  
 When a loud crash was heard—and far  
 The echo as of bolt and bar  
 Shooting, went forth !—Where art thou now,  
 Proud Abbess ? Ah ! thou soon wilt know !  
 The iron portal to the cell,  
 The lifted grate had fallen—how  
 It nought avails for me to tell.  
 Perchance, the wind had laid it low ;  
 Or death-winged angel might have thrown  
 The dreadful bars in anger down,  
 Eternal justice to dispense  
 To suffering, murdered innocence.  
 Howe'er it was—the Abbess there  
 Was doomed to perish with the dead,  
 In silence, darkness and despair,  
 And meet the fate her sentence said.  
 There could be no relief—no, none—  
 She had gone forth, unseen, alone,  
 And from that subterranean cell  
 No cry arose to human ear ;  
 It was an earthly, mortal hell,  
 Beyond hope's sun-illuminated sphere.  
 She shook the bars—but they were fast—  
 She shrieked—but echo mocked her pain ;  
 She gazed around—but shadows past  
 Like fiends and she sunk down again.  
 And then remorse was leagued with fear,  
 And both like vipers gnawed her heart ;  
 And horrid sounds were in her ear  
 That cried—" What dost thou here ? depart !"

Her heart became a globe of fire

Whose flame, unceasing, mounted higher,  
 And maddening horror, in its dread,  
 Soul-harrowing sights forever bred,  
 While her fierce eyes, in bloodshot strain,  
 The raging madness of her brain  
 But half revealed ; so awful e'er  
 Is crime when phrenzied by its fear.

## VII.

Unshrived, she there must 'die in all  
 Her unforgiven guilt and woe ;  
 On either side a dungeon wall,  
 And wrath above and death below,  
 Unsoothed, unpitied and alone,  
 Without a single orison,  
 Without a tear to mourn her fate,  
 Or look of grief compassionate,  
 Or holy rite or orris pall  
 Or requiem chanted forth by all  
 The holy vestal sisterhood,  
 Who round her erst admiring stood  
 As if Maria had been given  
 To them in other form from heaven.  
 But—such be guilt's dark fate fore'er !  
 She there must perish—there to dust,  
 Uncoffined, turn in dungeon drear,  
 Accursed below—among the just  
 All entrance barred eternally !  
 Tortured by terror maddening,  
 She heard e'en now the dread decree  
 Of changeless judgment round her ring,  
 Forestalling suffering's numbered hours—  
 And madness sprung from agony !  
 Darkly the storm of misery lowers,  
 And darker yet it soon will be,  
 For hope hath perished in her heart,  
 And mortal and immortal pain  
 Are mingling, with o'erwhelming art,  
 In writhing breast and whirling brain,

And Sin uprears her giant form  
 And mad Remorse like spectre stands,  
 Gnawed by the fangs of venom'd worm,  
 Outstretching far his gory hands  
 To warn too late—to tell at last  
 The victim that her day hath past ;  
 And yet more dreadful thoughts arise,  
 More fearful shadows blast her view,  
 And wilder are her echoed cries,  
 And colder is the dungeon-dew.

## VIII.

Time flies—strength fails—but madness grows  
 Stronger and darker in its mood,  
 And fevered Fear delirious throws  
 O'er all the gloom a robe of blood ;  
 And now she sinks beside the nun,  
 There like a song-lulled angel sleeping,  
 And smiling as her woes were done,  
 And she in Heaven was vigils keeping,  
 And grasps her cold and bloodless hand  
 Convulsively, and to her heart  
 Folds it as if the fiends that stand  
 Exulting by would tear apart  
 The living and the dead—the dove  
 In sacrifice inhuman slain,  
 And wretch who slew it ! Guilt doth prove  
 A wretched comforter in pain,  
 In fear and death ;—it will, perforce,  
 Seek consolation from a corse.  
 She starts as if an adder stung !  
 A demon voice of mirth had rung  
 Through all the chambers of her brain ;  
 She listens—now it comes again,  
 Blended with laughter wild and rude,  
 And echoes through the fatal cell,  
 And cries aloud—“ Thy soul's imbrued  
 “ With blood of innocence ;—'tis well  
 “ That on thy victim's lifeless breast

"Thou should'st sink in eternal rest!"  
 Her bursting heart could hear no more,  
 The last extremity had come;  
 She grovelled on the cold clay floor  
 In speechless anguish at her doom;  
 Gazed with a maniac look, that told  
 What horrors o'er her bosom rolled,  
 Upon the nun who slept as still  
 As infant that hath drank its fill;  
 And then with shriek that might appal  
 A fiend, against the dungeon wall  
 Dashed headlong—groaned and died!—"Tis past,  
 The more than mortal suffering.  
 Alas! I would it were the last!  
 But earthly minstrel dare not sing  
 Of fates beyond the farthest ken  
 Of starry-eyed philosophy;  
 Among the abodes of mortal men  
 He finds enough of misery  
 To break the heart and rack the brain  
 That feels or thinks of human pain.  
 The scene is past and she is dead;  
 Perchance, her sufferings could atone,  
 And the blood tears her wrung heart shed,  
 For deeds of death which she had done;  
 Perchance, they could not—but her doom  
 Is sealed fore'er, and through the gloom,  
 That shrouds unknown futurity,  
 I will not pierce;—enough for me,  
 She died in such despair as few  
 Devoid of wretchedness could view.  
 Her fate hath past—her soul hath fled—  
 And peace attend the unsinning Dead!

## IX.

Life scarce had parted and her fate  
 Passed o'er the haughty Abbess there,  
 Ere steps approached the iron grate,  
 And voices, as in last despair,



Echoed above the fatal cell ;—  
 The portal's raised and they descend,  
 The sisterhood—; now note ye well,  
 Fair vestals ! ere ye ween to wend  
 In sin's broad path, sin's woful end !  
 The highest boon of heaven may prove  
 The bitterest dreg in misery's cup,  
 And spirits born of heaven and love  
 By guilt be lost and given up  
 To state abhorring and abhorred—  
 And not adoring and adored !  
 Long was the anxious search and quest  
 Ere they could trace their Abbess there,  
 And anguish probed full many a breast  
 As they stood gazing in despair  
 On murdered and on murderess ;  
 " Jesu Maria ! give us grace !  
 " Oh, shield us in our dread distress,  
 " For ah, it is a fearful place !"  
 I pause not now to paint the scene—  
 The natural ills of life suffice,  
 Without o'er sorrows that have been  
 Brooding till mortal pleasure dies,  
 To gloom the heart and cloud the way  
 That shone so brightly yesterday.  
 Together from the dungeon cell  
 The corpses were in silence borne,  
 While lingering tolled the funeral knell,  
 And sullen echoes moaned forlorn ;  
 And shrouded in their vestments white,  
 They laid them side by side, and kept  
 Their vigils through the livelong night,  
 While breathlessly the dead ones slept  
 As softly and as peacefully  
 As twin-born cherubs e'er could be !  
 The wakeful sisters watched alone,  
 And many a holy rite was done  
 To foil the fiend and save the soul  
 Of her who once held high control

O'er penance deep and vow austere,  
 For many a long and sinful year.  
 The lovely innocent, that there  
 Lay in her death the loveliest,  
 Demanded not a single prayer—  
 For heaven was on her look imprest.  
 They watched—they prayed—night waned and morn,  
 Like holy hope in Eden born,  
 Blushed the stained glass and casements through,  
 And gave the gloomy scene to view.

## X.

To die—to feel the spirit trembling,  
 Fainting, sinking in the breast,  
 While yet the vivid eye is sembling  
 Life and vigor unpossessed ;  
 To see the mortal frame decaying,  
 The temple's pillars breaking down,  
 And know the soul will soon be straying  
 Over climes and realms unknown ;  
 While warm affection hovers o'er  
 The couch of death, with wailing prayer.  
 Imploring lengthened life once more  
 In all the anguish of despair ;  
 And we behold and feel and know  
 All that is felt for us and yet  
 Beside perceive the overthrow  
 Of hopes on which the heart is set,  
 And picture in our dying hour  
 Anguish unknown till we are dead,  
 And conscious, hopeless misery's power,  
 And tears from being's fountains shed ;  
 Oh, this is awful and might make  
 A mighty spirit groan and quake.  
 But, ah, 't is worse to think that we,  
 The proud, high, sentient lords of earth,  
 Must moulder into dust and be  
 Or clay or nothing ! At our birth  
 It was decreed that we should die,,

But not that we should rotting lie  
 With every foul and loathsome thing  
 Blending our ashes;—fling, oh, fling  
 My corse in ocean's booming wave,  
 Or burn it on the funeral pyre,  
 But lay it not in reeking grave,  
 To glimmer with corruption's fire !  
 St Clara's funeral bell is knelling  
 With the solemn voice of death,  
 And far the mournful notes are swelling,  
 While from postern far beneath  
 Issue the white-robed virgin train,  
 Chanting low the requiem strain,  
 Over the dark and dismal tomb  
 Of one in being's roseate bloom,  
 And one in fallow, withered age,  
 Departed from life's tragic stage.  
 Where sorrow never wakes to weep,  
 And ill and wrong torment no more,  
 And homeless wanderers sweetly sleep,  
 And hate and pride and pain are o'er,  
 They lay the vestals finally.  
 Above them waves a cypress tree,  
 Entwined with briar and rosemary,  
 And round them sleep the mighty dead,  
 Who centuries since forever fled ;  
 A silent nation unannoyed  
 By all they suffered or enjoyed.  
 The ceremonial pomp is past—  
 The vestals vanish, one by one—  
 The holy Father is the last,  
 And even he hath slowly gone.  
 And stillness reigns o'er all the scene,  
 That is so peaceful and serene ;  
 A stillness greatly eloquent  
 When pious spirits bow and feel  
 Delicious melancholy, sent  
 From heaven, o'er all their being steal  
 With purifying breathings mild ;

And they become like little child,  
 Gentle and docile, purely good,  
 In their communing solitude,  
 And look from earth to heaven with eye  
 Of sage reflecting piety,  
 Comparing man's allotment here  
 With glories of a brighter sphere.

## XI.

O Love! the holiest name in heaven,  
 The purest, sweetest thing below!  
 Why are thy joys to torture given?  
 Thy raptures unto wailing woe?  
 Why should thy fondest votaries prove  
 Faithful even unto death in vain?  
 Or why, despite thy vows, O Love!  
 Should all thy blisses close in pain?

No voice was heard—no form was seen  
 Within the church-yard's lonely bound,  
 And Dion, from his weedy screen,  
 Rose mournfully and gazed around.  
 Long had he lain unnoted where  
 He fell with lovely Inez—long  
 He wrestled with his wild despair  
 When he beheld his deadly wrong.  
 He watched each leaden-winged hour  
 For some faint note of joy or grief,  
 'Till Destiny's most dreaded power  
 To him had almost been relief.  
 But nought allayed his dread suspense  
 'Till Inez and her murderess  
 Were borne to that lone mansion, whence  
 No tenant ever found egress.  
 Then flashed the whole revelation dire  
 O'er noble Dion's heart and brain,  
 And lit a wild and wasting fire  
 Of wrath which nothing could restrain,  
 Or mitigate, save that sad doom

She met, who laid in neighboring tomb.  
 Few vaunt ancestral power and pride,  
 And wear a noble blazoned name,  
 'Mid war's rich spoils and glory's tide  
 Raised to the grandest pitch of fame,  
 Who bear such in-born virtue, worth,  
 Honor and truth as he whose birth  
 Was his least merit ; few could vie  
 With Dion in nobility !  
 With rolling eye, and brow of gloom,  
 And pallid cheek and trembling tread,  
 Dion approached the robbing tomb  
 Where Inez slept among the Dead,  
 And bowed his throbbing head upon  
 The golden-lettered tablet stone  
 Despairingly, while forth his tears  
 Unbidden gushed.—“ In youthful years  
 “ I little recked of fate like this ;  
 “ I weened the world was full of bliss  
 “ And man most blessed in life—Alas !  
 “ I am not now the thing I was.  
 “ O Inez ! O my bosom's bride !  
 “ Could'st thou have told me ere thou died  
 “ Thy love changed not—no happier fate  
 “ Than now to die could me await.  
 “ But, oh, my love ! the act that proved  
 “ Thy death told truly how thou loved  
 “ One to whom thou wert more than heaven—  
 “ Thy very life for me was given !  
 “ Thou art avenged, sweet love ! by ONE  
 “ With whom the dread right dwells alone,  
 “ And nought remains for me below  
 “ To do for thee, my love ! and now  
 “ It is too late for me to strive  
 “ With Destiny ; none bid me live  
 “ To be their comfort—thou art gone,  
 “ And I am lost, undone, alone !  
 “ Inez ! forgive the murderous deed—  
 “ It is to meet thee that I bleed

" And die upon thy virgin tomb—  
 " O Inez ! love ! I come—I come !"

He drew his poniard, looked on high  
 For the last time with gleaming eye,  
 Then laid him down the grave beside  
 And clove his heart ! The purple tide  
 Gushed like a torrent and—he died !  
 The last glance of his spirit turning  
 To her for whom his heart was burning.

## XII.

The autumnal sun's rich evening beams  
 Blush o'er Cantabria's billowy sea,  
 And Lusian fields and groves and streams,  
 Like angel smiles, celestially ;  
 And clustering vines hang purpling o'er  
 The shrubbery mantled palisade,  
 And golden orange, cypress hoar,  
 And cork tree rough and yew, whose shade  
 The dead alone doth canopy,  
 And sunken glen and dim defile,  
 Alike in nature's bounties free,  
 Refract the soul-inspiring smile  
 Of Autumn—queen-muse of the heart !  
 And as soft evening's hues depart,  
 Like holy hopes that smile in death,  
 And twilight robes the fading sky  
 With beauty felt, not seen—beneath  
 The spreading palm, the lover's eye  
 Burns as he tunes his soft guitar,  
 And sees his own dear maid afar,  
 Approaching her rose-woven bower  
 To solemnize love's sacred hour.  
 And lordly prince and shepherd hind,  
 And lady proud and simple maid  
 Enjoy alike the season kind,  
 When flowers grow lovelier as they fade,  
 And being's joys and sorrows own,  
 And all the heart hath lost or won,

Alike ;—to all, be state and name  
 Or high or low, heaven is the same,  
 And nature smiles as sweetly on  
 The cottage as the palace throne.  
 Eve shadows dim the varied scene,  
 And the calm sunlight wanes away,  
 While one lone cloud of lustre sheen  
 Still wears the rays of parting day,  
 And hangs upon the zenith sky, -  
 Like hope the sad heart lingering by.

## XIII.

Looming in shadowy twilight o'er  
 Tajo's broad bay afar is seen,  
 Scudding the wave toward Lusian shore,  
 A rapid sailing brigantine ;  
 And now it grows upon the eye,  
 White sail, dark hulk, and rising prow ;  
 And swells upon the evening sky  
 Like castle turretted with snow ;  
 And now the hurrying sea-boys crowd  
 Round the tall mast and furl each shroud,  
 And full the rushing wake is heard  
 Blent with command's shrill-uttered word,  
 And many a heart throbs fondly now  
 To meet its loves and find its home,  
 As the light vessel crinkles slow  
 The waters which no longer foam.  
 The brigantine is moored—the crew  
 Are busy, boisterous, glad and gay,  
 And jovial crowds are there ;—but who  
 Through the dense throng makes rapid way  
 With look so proudly desolate ?  
 'Tis ZULMA, who hath borne her fate  
 And yet will bear 'till being's close,  
 All she hath lost and still can lose,  
 With an unshrinking spirit none  
 Can tame or crush ;—she is alone  
 In desolation—but she bears

Her lofty brow unblanched, and throws  
 Around an eye undimmed by tears,  
 And, as she hurries on, she grows  
 Stronger, as if her spirit stood  
 Prepared for woe of all degree,  
 And agony and solitude,  
 And horror, pain and misery.  
 She pauses in a hilly grove  
 And looks with bitter smile below—  
 "Ah, such is man's alluring love,  
 "And such his faith in lonely woe!"  
 Then quick she turned and onward went,  
 With hurried footstep, till the towers  
 Of her own convent rose and sent  
 Their omened shadows o'er her; hours  
 Long past returned and sadness hung  
 On Zulma's heart with that dead weight  
 Which kills the victim, when a young  
 Maid who had known the vestal's flight  
 Traversed her way and quickly told  
 The tragic tale of what had past.  
 Zulma shrieked not, but fiercely rolled  
 O'er brain and heart the worst—the last  
 Wild storm of ruin; hope fell dead,  
 And her high spirit 'neath its own  
 Intensity was crushed; she said  
 Nothing responsive—sigh nor groan,  
 Nor scream nor cry was heard; she threw  
 Her bleeding eye to heaven and bowed  
 A moment as in prayer—then grew  
 As desperation calm;—a crowd,  
 As toward St Clara's towers she went,  
 Followed in mute astonishment  
 That she should thus defy despair  
 And her own certain ruin dare.  
 Soon ceased their marvel—Zulma came  
 Beneath the window of her cell,  
 And upward gazed—and spake the name  
 Most dear of her who once did dwell



In peace and love within that wall ;  
 Then she looked round and dwelt on all  
 Objects and scenes that Inez erst  
 Loved fondly—and she heaved a sigh  
 Convulsively ;—her heart had burst !  
 Yet still she gazed with mournful eye  
 On dusky wall and cypress grove  
 In silence, while the crowd came near ;  
 And fast her soul of light and love  
 Was journeying to a holier sphere.

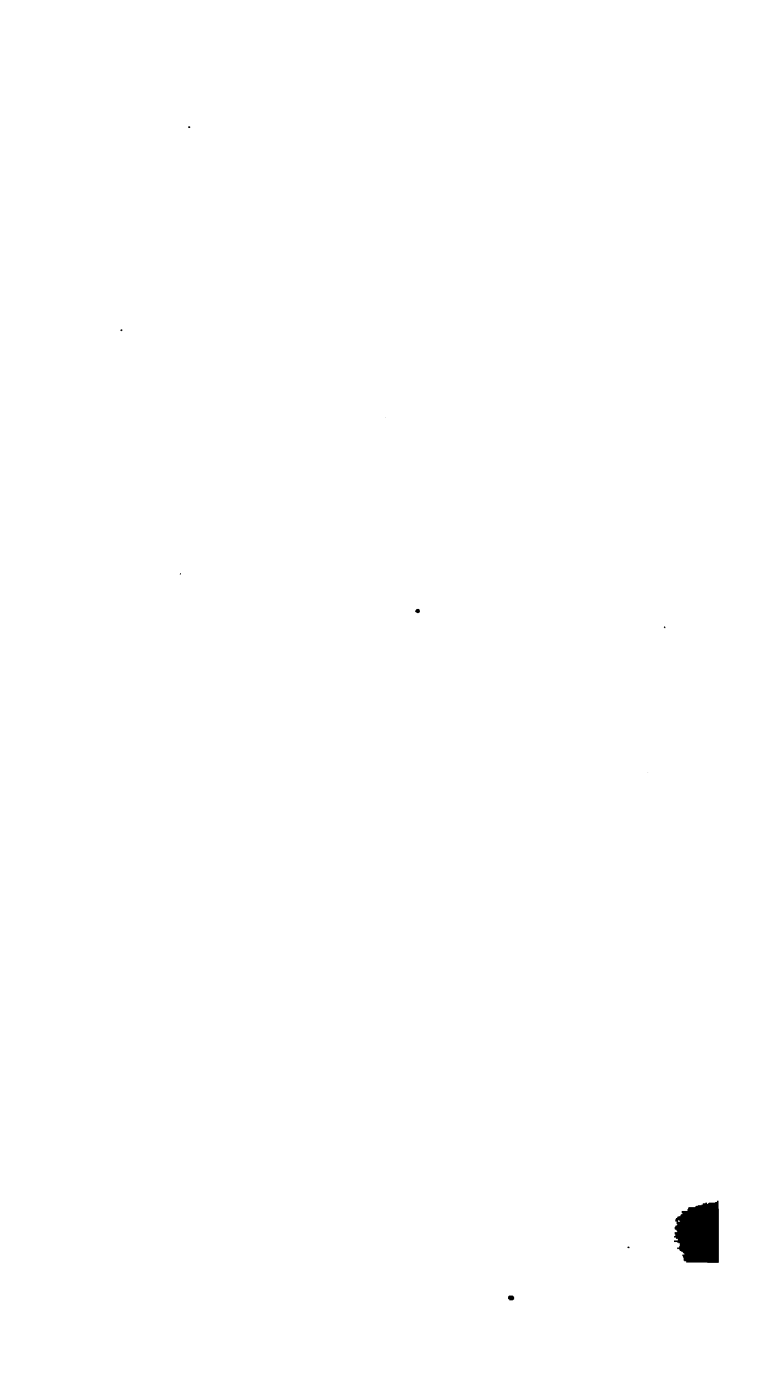
## XIV.

“ Jesu Maria ! who art thou ?  
 “ Christ and the Virgin shield us now ! ”  
 A war-steed dashes through the throng—  
 A horseman leaps upon the ground,  
 And rushes like a maniac strong  
 Toward dying Zulma, while around  
 Gather the crowd to mark the scene—  
 For one so mournful ne’er had been.  
 Zulma looked up—a faint smile passed,  
 Like silvery moonbeam on the wave,  
 O’er lip and eye and then it cast  
 Behind the death hue of the grave.  
 Low bowed the horseman, Julian, there,  
 And fearful was his agony ;  
 He kneeled, like statue of despair,  
 In hopeless, speechless misery ;  
 And long his quivering lips essayed  
 To frame his torturing thoughts in vain,  
 And long he writhed and groaned and prayed  
 In all the energy of pain.  
 “ Zulma ”—he said at last, but wild  
 Came then the memory of his wrong,  
 And how he had the maid beguiled  
 Afar, and held deluded long,  
 And then as wanton thing appraised,  
 And often as his eye he raised

To her calm though unbending look,  
 Whose sad reproof he could not brook,  
 He felt abashed, o'erwhelmed and lost  
 To all he loved and prized the most.  
 But life was ebbing fast away  
 From Zulma's broken heart and now,  
 While yet was left a conscious ray  
 Of soul, or ne'er, his words must flow.  
 "Zulma ! forgive the wretch who kneels  
 Before wronged virtue ! What he feels  
 'T were vain to say—his last desire  
 Is pardon from thy lips !"—The fire  
 Of being, that had sunk and waned  
 In Zulma's bosom, burned again  
 Brightly a moment and there reigned  
 A majesty 'mid all her pain  
 Which daunted Julian, as she strove  
 To rise upon a maiden's breast ;—  
 " Prince Julian ! that thou had'st my love,  
 And that in thine I was most blest,  
 'T is needless now to own ; my doom  
 Is sealed forever and the tomb  
 Must be the resting-place of one  
 Who once—who yet loves thee alone ;  
 Thou hast my pardon while I live—  
 Forgive thyself as I forgive !"

Backward she fell—faint grew her breath  
 Life left her cheek, her brow, her eye ;  
 Slow o'er her heart came chilling death—  
 Zulma is in eternity !  
 There is no tear for Julian—none—  
 No purpose, pleasure, hope or aim ;  
 Himself detesting, left alone,  
 And hating all that he had done,  
 A wretch—what was to him a throne?  
 Outcast from joy, bereft of love,  
 Abandoned by his peace of mind,

What should his altered being prove  
But a deep blot on human kind?  
So rolls the tempest of remorse  
O'er Julian, as beside the corse  
Of her he loved beyond the scope  
Of common spirit, feeling, hope,  
He bows in agony unknown,  
Save to the few whose hopes and fears  
And feelings catch the lofty tone  
Of thought, that maddens or endears.  
Night palls the skies, but Julian there  
Lies broken hearted in Despair.







the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million. The number of people who are malnourished has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people who are obese has increased from 100 million to 300 million.

The World Bank has estimated that the cost of malnutrition to the world economy is \$100 billion per year. The cost of obesity to the world economy is \$100 billion per year. The cost of undernutrition to the world economy is \$100 billion per year.

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